

# The Musical World

## AND Dramatic Observer.

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# The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1890.

## FACTS AND COMMENTS.

Criticism is slowly but surely being justified of her children. Mr. Corder notwithstanding, the critics have been proving their right to existence, in the dramatic if not in the musical sphere. Miss Wallis led the way by the alterations she made in "The Sixth Commandment" at the suggestion of the critics; Mr. Wilson Barrett has followed suit by overhauling "The People's Idol," also acting on suggestions thrown out by the critics. Other examples might be given, but these will serve to illustrate a tendency which must ultimately lead to tremendous results. Consider it as you will, it shows that such works have been written too hastily, or at any rate made public too hastily; and it also shows that the critics are sometimes on the side of the angels. For the first point, it is of course better that improvements should be made in an already published work than that it should be allowed to die for want of it—since in many cases much good work is imperilled by its association with inferior material; but we hold that—in theory at least—such improvements ought to be made *before* the work is presented for public approval. The greatest artists have not been in the habit of flinging their writings at the public before the ink was dry. Beethoven—to take a single instance—was one of the most laborious of composers. Those students who have inspected any of his Note-Books will have been struck with the enormous amount of time and labour spent by him on the perfecting of his phrases. Nor is he alone in this. Most of the great men have thought haste in the publication of their work unworthy alike of themselves and their art. So it would seem that the malady is modern; that the artists of our own day are much more given than were their predecessors to allowing their works to appear in what is practically a condition of incompleteness.

The danger inherent in this is not wholly obvious at first sight, for a theatrical manager might (if he were in a humble mood—which is not likely) feel tempted to experiment on his public and the critics. He might think that it was unnecessary to finish a work before publication, since there will always be plenty of candid friends to point out its faults. Here is the new danger, then; alterations will very possibly be made in obedience to considerations other than artistic. The earnest artist will be obliged to replace his own conscience by the suggestions of the man in the gallery; and all this will favour the already terrible ubiquity of the Bungler. Instead of finished plays or operas, we shall be invited to witness a mere sketch, and the critics and the gods will be asked to unite their

suggestions for making it into a finished play. In music the case is not quite so bad. We have spoken in these columns of the evils attendant on the presently fashionable practice of publishing the score of a new work before its final performance. Rehearsal often reveals weak points in the cantata or the opera which might easily have been remedied were it still in manuscript; but the inevitable cynic has suggested that the average composer, did he allow his new work to be performed before it was printed, might never get it printed at all. Such pessimism is out of place here, however, and we prefer to note that the practice has at least this to recommend it—the composer is likely to take a great deal more trouble to avoid the necessity for alteration when he knows that change will be next to impossible.

\* \*

The second consideration indicated is not less important. We have often had occasion to justify the ways of the critic to mankind, and have lost no opportunity of declaring the importance of the functions which Providence has called him to discharge. But we have never claimed for him the privilege of teaching the artist his business. We have, on the contrary, recognised that his chief duty is to educate the public, and occasionally to expound the artist when (as sometimes happens) the need for exposition arises. And although we should be very ready to lend the artist the benefit of our superior knowledge, if it were demanded in a proper spirit of humility, we cannot but feel that there is something wrong when the artist needs such help. It is in itself a confession that he lacks the power to criticise his own work—a confession which adds little to his dignity. He may possibly be unable to calculate the full effect which his work will produce on the public—he may not know whether his play, or his music, or his book will be a success; but he certainly ought to know what he wants to say, and the best way of saying it. If he does not he had better take private lessons of the critic, and consider his ways and be wise, rather than submit to correction in the presence of the public. He will lose nothing by humility, and he may be quite sure that the critic, who is nothing if not forgiving, will deal very gently with him.

\* \*

If Mr. Ruskin has followed the course of recent musical history in England he must have thought of certain things which he wrote many years ago in praise of "sensationalism." "I am not afraid of the name, much less of the thing," he said, in his lecture on "King's Treasures"; and going on to assert that the prevailing faults of the English public were its dulness and apathy, pointed out that sensation—which word he used in a manner higher than the common one—was the remedy. It is this business of the Henschel and the Hallé concerts which, as it seems to us, serves to emphasize the truth of Mr. Ruskin's views. Mr. Henschel, it is now said, will be enabled to continue his series of concerts, and Sir Charles Hallé has promised to give at least one more concert on February 20th, on the success of which the continuance of the series presumably depends. Herein we have another proof of the possibilities latent in the British public. He who hopes to arouse their sympathies must appeal to their love of sensation. Mere merit is voiceless for them; add the big drum, and they recognise it. Appeal to their emotion, which is either heavily asleep or turbulently awake, and you have their support. So far Mr. Ruskin is right; there is no doubt about the means. But we are not at all completely persuaded that such emotion is worth arousing, as far as art is concerned. Where there is question of a great political movement, needing the fiery energy of a solid nation, the matter is not doubtful; but we frankly confess that we have little hope for the artistic future of a people which

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can only be stirred by the methods of the penny Booth. In saying which we regret the necessity for an apparent pun. The kingdom of art comes not with observation. Let it be recognised with acclamation by all means; we ourselves will gladly shout with the best, or walk backwards with a tambourine, when the English nation capitulates to the gentle assaults of art. But that day is not yet. How, indeed, can we hope for a national art under such conditions, which directly encourage the charlatan and the sensationmonger, and drive the honest artist to win a cheap and brief popularity by appeals to the lowest instincts of the public? If *awakening* were alone necessary the means might be forgiven; but to keep the public awake, still more violent and vulgar methods must be employed. And the end of an art so treated must be death. Neither art nor religion can long survive what Mr. Rowbotham has called the "Drum Stage"—when that stage is a conscious retrogression.

\* \*

Certain folk have been writing to the "Pall Mall Gazette" to express their views on the old question, "Are the English people musical?" Amongst them has been Mr. Arthur Symons, who, in a letter of justifiable bitterness, answers the question in the negative. We fear he is right; and did he simply state the fact could have no possible quarrel with him. Unfortunately, he bases his conclusion on arguments with which we cannot agree. He says: "Neither the music of Beethoven nor the music of Berlioz is enough, by itself, to hurry men and women from their dinner-tables; that feat may perhaps, it is said, be accomplished if drawing-room ballads are introduced, but without some paltry person with a voice it is hardly possible. A man need not be musical to be fond of singing. Whether he is really musical or not depends on his faculty for listening to instrumental music without feeling bored." Now the first half of the argument (considered apart from the harsh expressions, to which we shall presently take exception) certainly hits the weak point in the "taste." It is quite obvious that 90 per cent. of those who listen to vocal music care chiefly, if not entirely, for the words, or rather the "story" of the song—or, indeed, of the oratorio; for, as we said a week or two ago, the "Messiah" would probably be just as popular as it is now, if the music were much inferior. This, of course, arises from the love of the English people for a plot: which, in turn comes from their love of action, and is not necessarily an unhealthy sign. Yet it makes the musician's task much harder, for the only "meaning" an instrumental composer can convey by his music is emotional, and this to the average English mind is unintelligible unless connected with the events or actions to which the emotion owes its birth. It is to be feared that there will be but one possible conclusion; the English people may be taught to appreciate literature, and, in a lesser degree, pictorial art; but the highest music will never have much to say to them. We are unwilling, however, to accept this verdict for the present.

\* \*

We leave such unpleasant thoughts to consider the implications of the worthlessness of vocal music contained in Mr. Symons' expressions. It is distinctly inaccurate to say that one's right to be called musical depends solely on one's liking for instrumental music. Surely a love for the songs of Schubert, Schumann, Liszt, Franz, and a score of other composers; for the old glees and madrigals; for such a work as Bach's B minor Mass would entitle one to be credited with the possession of more musical taste than is shown by many of those who play upon the piano or violin (or banjo) any quantity of such music as is now so frequently heard.

And if Mr. Symons meant to institute a comparison between the highest instrumental and the lowest vocal music he should have said so clearly. We confess that we have as little sympathy with those (and they are many) who, loving instrumental music, refuse to admire vocal, as with those who, caring for songs, are bored by instrumental works. There is altogether too much of this narrowness of taste amongst those who are presumably the most cultured. The pianist despises the singer, the violinist despises the pianist, and the singer despises both. It is not by such affection that the army of the Philistine is to be routed.

\* \*

Unquestionably it is true that instrumental music appeals more directly than vocal music to the perceptive faculties of the listener. The design of an instrumental work, the gradual unfolding of its melodic tissue, make demands upon the attention which are asked for by vocal music only in works of great contrapuntal intricacy. But if we cease to regard music as something intended to supply designs for wall-papers or carpets—as, in a word, merely decorative—and consider it as means of expressing emotion, we see that there is no great difference in value between the two kinds. If this standpoint be adopted it is plain that music, which may properly be called decorative (as, for example, the Toccata) cannot be granted any very high place. The emotional element is necessary to the highest music, and in any appraisal of the merits of two works it matters little that one is designed for performance by a violin and the other by a human voice. If the emotion to be expressed by the voice is as noble and sincere, if its expression be as adequate as that which the instrumentalist desires to utter, then the vocal is no whit inferior.

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It is really time to ask seriously whether there is such a thing as a musical nation. One needs the cheery optimism of Mark Tapley to assert in the face of such facts as we have been considering that the English are musical; the case is not much better in America; irate people of the stamp of Dr. von Bülow can easily be found to disparage the taste of the Germans, the Italians, the Russians; and now here is M. Gaston Paulin asserting that the French public is unmusical too. The following bitter sentences are taken from a recent article in "Le Guide Musical":—

"Le public français est peut-être le plus réfractaire du globe à l'art musical; le français et surtout le parisien adore la mauvaise musique; la preuve en éclate chaque soir au café-concert. Là s'entassent des milliers de spectateurs attentifs et presque passionnés pour les inepties qu'on leur débite. Le café-concert ignore les billets de faveur, les entrées gratuites, les demidroits. Tout le monde paie sa place et l'on se dispute, passé huit heures et demie, les strapontins. Dans les grands concerts une loge se paie quarante francs, un fauteuil quatre francs, une stalle trois francs cinquante. Ce ne sont pas des prix de malheureux, et ceux qui les paient pourraient certainement s'offrir le théâtre. Il y a environ à Paris vingt salles, la plupart très vastes où l'on vient chaque soir entendre de la musique et quelle musique, grand Dieu! La clientèle représente environ six mille spectateurs payant qui se renouvellent chaque soir pendant une huitaine. On peut compter deux cent mille auditeurs par mois,—de quoi assurer l'existence de deux théâtres lyriques.

If this be true—and it probably is—we may as well give up the pretence of European culture. The Caucasian is played out and civilisation is a failure. Let us go to the Pigmies of the African forests, or even to the Poor Indian, for musical taste.

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Two more contributions to the discussion have been made during the last few days. Another correspondent of the "Pall Mall Gazette" suggests that people will not support either series of



orchestral concerts because the seats at St. James's Hall are uncomfortable and the draughts dangerous; while some one has written to a less important paper, averring that the incivility of the attendants has something to do with it. No doubt the seats are hard, and the draughts bad; but if people will brave these inconveniences for a ballad concert, why should they fear them when there is question of orchestral music? Does refinement of taste go always in the company of physical delicacy? The other argument is still less forcible—perhaps because it is false. There is probably no concert-hall in the world where the attendants are so uniformly civil. If the writer of the complaint were treated rudely it must have been because he deserved it.

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Dr. Hanslick gives, in a late number of the "Neue Freie Presse," *à propos* of the performance of one of Tchaikovsky's Quartetts at Vienna, some interesting passages from an autobiographical sketch of the Russian composer. We quote a few extracts, supplemented by some remarks of Dr. Hanslick himself. Tchaikovsky writes: "I was seventeen years old when I made the acquaintance of an Italian singing-master named Piccioli, the first person who interested himself in my musical condition. The influence he gained over me was enormous, and even now I have not quite outgrown it. He was an out-and-out enemy of German music, and through him I became an enthusiastic admirer of Rossini, Bellini, and Donizetti; considering it as an accepted fact that Mozart and Beethoven did excellent service—only in sending one to sleep. So far as that idea goes, I have since undergone a pretty complete change; and yet, though my partiality for Italian music has markedly diminished, and above all has lost its exclusiveness, yet even to the present day I feel a certain delight in hearing the cavatinas and duets of Rossini, &c., with their florid passages of ornament; and there are melodies of Bellini which I can never hear without the tears rushing into my eyes." The love for German music came to the young Russian soon after from a different quarter. He began to take lessons from Rudolf Kündinger, a pianist settled in St. Petersburg, who adopted the excellent plan of taking his pupil with him to operas and concerts. Under this treatment, Tchaikovsky's prejudice against German music soon began to give way, and a performance of Mozart's "Don Giovanni" came to him as a revelation, almost as it did to M. Gounod. "It is impossible to describe the delight, the rapture, the intoxication with which it inspired me. For weeks I did nothing but play the opera through from the vocal score. Among all the great masters Mozart is the one to whom I feel myself most attracted; so it has been with me up to the present day, and so it will always remain."

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Hereupon Dr. Hanslick remarks that this admiration of Tchaikovsky for Mozart is somewhat surprising, as it is scarcely traceable in his works. This appears to us to imply an inadequate appreciation on the part of the distinguished Viennese critic; for, apart from the fact that Tchaikovsky's smaller compositions have much in melody and form which is suggestive of Mozart, there is one important work, the orchestral suite, Op. 62, entitled "Mozartiana," which is a very charming composition, founded entirely on themes taken from various works of Mozart. But to return to the composer's career; he had as yet no idea that music was to be the business of his life: he had passed through the law-school, and served for three years as an under-secretary in the Ministry of Justice. Then at last, at the age of 22, he was able to enter the Conservatorium founded by Rubinstein, and began the study of the Theory

of Music, in which he made rapid progress. Rubinstein, however, thought he detected in the promising pupil a certain proclivity towards the style of Berlioz and Wagner, and most carefully impressed on him the necessity of a thorough study of the classical writers. On leaving the Conservatoire in 1865 he was at once appointed Professor of Composition at the Moscow Conservatoire, then just founded by Nicholas Rubinstein, to whom he became profoundly attached, and to whose memory he dedicated the fine Piano Trio in A minor, Op. 50. For eleven years he continued to hold the post of teacher of composition, a period of his life which he now looks back upon with horror, so painful to him was the task of teaching. In 1877 a serious illness of the nervous system caused him to resign his professorship, and since then he has lived exclusively devoted to composition, occasionally conducting performances of his works. Rubinstein, through his transcendent ability as a pianist, is far better known throughout Europe; but in the native land of the two composers the works of Tchaikovsky are, on the whole, far more popular than those of Rubinstein.

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It has always been one of the Englishman's pleasant superstitions that all members of the English legal profession were men of education, if not culture. The remarks made by Mr. Besley, who, on behalf of that curious body known as the National Vigilance Association, prosecuted the management of the Rabelais Exhibition, will probably cause many to ask themselves whether this superstition is universally true. That Mr. Besley should have been unaware that M. Jules Garnier, the painter of those wonderful pictures, was dead, is perhaps surprising; for a lawyer instructed by the National Vigilance Association might surely be expected to know something of recent French art. But it is still more curious that Mr. Besley should have said that Rabelais—whom he described as a "filthy-minded old priest"—would never be translated into English. It is a safe thing to libel a dead genius, and it is useless to hope that the members of this wretched association should be able to appreciate the gigantic laughter which by its own force and sincerity laughs impurity away. But it certainly is curious that gentlemen who consider themselves called by Providence to the detection of impurity, and who devote themselves to the task with such infinite relish, should be unaware that Rabelais *has* been translated into English. We cannot help wondering whence they have their knowledge—for no one would be so uncharitable as to suppose that they are able to read Rabelais in the original French. Of course Mr. Besley may be perfectly well conversant with the translation; in which case he may argue that he was paid to defile the memory of the great genius of whom Coleridge said: "I could write a treatise in praise of the moral elevation of his work which would make the Church stare and the Conventicle groan, and yet would be the truth and nothing but the truth." We, however, are old-fashioned enough to believe that an advocate's office is to be just.

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✓ We are at length in a position to estimate the depth and sincerity of Madame Patti's love for the art of which she has for so many years been an acknowledged queen, and to gauge the accuracy of the many stories which have been current concerning her love of the potent dollar. She has refused to go to Russia because the Russian police have forbidden her salary to be paid in advance. The stipulated sum is at this moment waiting for her in the Russian bank, and will be paid as soon as she fulfils her part of the contract. But she demands that it shall be paid in to her English bank before she leaves England. The Russian police, warned by the caprices of a certain

lady violinist who, under somewhat similar circumstances, refused to fulfil her engagement, decline to let the public incur the risk of losing their money again. "Here is your money," they say to Madame Patti; "come and sing and we will pay you." Madame Patti, that single-souled artist, declines to move. "Cash in advance," she says, with a dignity well worthy of the art in whose service Schubert was content to starve, and Wagner, and Beethoven, and Berlioz worked without hope of wage.

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It may of course be said by the lady's apologists that "cash in advance" being stipulated for in the contract, she has a right to demand adhesion to terms on both sides. But inasmuch as no one could foresee the action of the parental policeman, Madame Patti could well have afforded to set an example—though somewhat late in her career—of generosity and loyalty to her art. By the way, what about that statement that Madame Patti was going to Russia in obedience to a request of the Czar?

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A new orchestral Symphonic Fantasia by Dr. Bernard Scholz was played for the first time in public, under the composer's direction, at Düsseldorf, on the 8th inst. Dr. Neitzel, the musical critic of the "Cologne Gazette," has spoken so favourably of it that perhaps Mr. August Manns may be induced to turn his attention to it, as he did to the same composer's Symphony in B flat, which he brought to a hearing at the Crystal Palace in October, 1889. At the same concert Dr. Scholz's setting of Schiller's "Lay of the Bell" (for solo voices, chorus, and orchestra), which has met with acceptance in several German towns, was also performed.

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Unexpected changes in concert-programmes are always disconcerting to those members of the audience who are not sufficiently instructed to know when Molloy is substituted for Mendelssohn, or Bellini for Bach. An amusing instance of this was afforded during a provincial tour recently made by a concert-party, in which Miss Ethel and Mr. Harold Bauer were the instrumentalists. On one occasion the concert seemed in danger of continuing much beyond the customary hour, and, at the conductor's request, Mr. Bauer substituted Thomé's taking but trivial "Andante Religioso" for Beethoven's Romance in F, which was announced as the penultimate piece. The composition was well received, and after the concert one of the local musical magnates came to offer his congratulations to the violinist. "After all," he said, "Beethoven is alone and incomparable. Of all the items in the programme I most enjoyed that magnificent Romance in F!"

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The plaster model for the statue of the Princess of Wales, on which Prince Victor of Hohenlohe is engaged, was on view to a few of the privileged ones last week. The statue, it will be remembered, is to be presented by the Ladies of England to the Royal College of Music as a memorial of Her Royal Highness's silver wedding, and will represent her in her Mus.Doc. robes and cap. The musical art of England is indeed fortunate in numbering the gracious lady among its adherents.

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Conspicuous amongst the flood of Christmas numbers is that of our young contemporary "The Gentlewoman," which has (so the advertisements say) been a "phenomenal success in journalism." This is not unlikely, for if the illustrations have been of variable excellence, the literature supplied has always been good. The principal pictorial and literary features of the Christmas number, for instance, are admirable. There is a pretty

picture of "The Gentlewoman of a Hundred Years Ago," beautifully printed on silk; and there is a singularly clever Greek story, "The Maiden Loved of Cleomenes," by Miss Nora Vynne, with illustrations by Walter Crane in his very Craniest style. The story has plenty of that pathos without which, as Mr. Meredith remarks, no novel is now complete, and of which, be it said, Miss Vynne has already shown herself a mistress.

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We received too late for insertion in our last issue the sad news of the death of Mr. David Henry Hastings, who for upwards of forty years was a valued contributor to "THE MUSICAL WORLD," and was justly regarded as the *doyen* of London critics. He was an intimate friend of all the great artists who had flourished through his long life. He was born eighty-one years ago, and had always been a familiar figure in all concert-rooms. There will be countless friends to regret the removal of so eminent a man.

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The Royal College of Music closed on Saturday for the Christmas vacation, and the Easter term will begin on January 8th. The exhibitions, &c., were awarded on Friday as follows:—

Council Exhibition.—£15 to Frederick G. Shinn, organ.

Council Exhibition.—£20 to Alice E. Reynolds, violin.

Uppingham School Exhibition.—£20 to John C. G. Pringle, composition.

The Hopkinson Gold Medal for pianoforte playing to Augusta D. Spiller.

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At the moment of going to press we learn with regret of the death of Niels Gade. The whole musical world will sympathise with Denmark in the loss of her greatest composer, of whose place amongst his contemporaries we shall speak more fully next week.

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Madame Scalchi has returned to London after a most successful concert tour through the provinces. The gifted artist, who was far from well during Mr. Harris's last season of Italian opera, has entirely recovered her health, and has been in excellent voice during the entire tour.

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By a curious slip of memory we spoke last week of the tenor Mierzewski as new to England. It is needless to say that he appeared here in opera some six or seven years ago.

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Mrs. H. J. Tschudi Broadwood, with the liberality distinguishing all who bear that name, will give a Christmas party to 1,000 children of the *employés* in the great piano-making firm on Saturday afternoon at three. The Westminster Town Hall has been chosen for the execution of this kindly idea, and the arrangements will, we hear, be strikingly novel.

## THE SOCIAL FORCES WHICH HAVE INFLUENCED MUSIC.

BY J. F. ROWBOTHAM.

### VI.

The scene is a sumptuous saloon in a mansion in Florence, the residence of Count di Vernio. The time is the beginning of the seventeenth century—the young century has just turned—it is one year old and no more. The beautifully tapestried hall is full of guests, many of whom find an absorbing occupation in gazing at the statues and frescoes that are ranged in royal profusion along the walls. Sculptures without end, evidently belonging to the most costly remains of antiquity, marble figures of goddesses, colossal heroes, battle-pieces in low relief, which, considering the high price of Greek art even in those days, must have cost their possessor well nigh a fortune—these are the objects which attract such interested attention



and scrutiny from certain groups of the guests. Count di Vernio is an admirer of the antique, a studious *dilettante*, an enthusiast who allows nothing to stand in the way of gratifying his tastes—which his friends well understand and profit by. All those who are smitten with a love of classic art in Florence invariably succeed in procuring an introduction to the Count, obtain a ready welcome at his house, and, what is, perhaps, more valuable, the full privilege to examine the treasures of design which he has amassed at such fabulous cost.

But another group of guests stand or are seated at the other end of the room—a group which is more interesting to us, for many of them, at least, by their dandling musical instruments in their hands are evidently musicians. The Count is among them. They are all engaged in earnest converse, and while speaking during their gesticulations point often at the statues which line the lower end of the room. The topic of their conversation is Greek music, in which all of them are highly interested, and on which one, Vincenzo Galilei by name, has written a book. Besides him, taking part in the conversation, are Giulio Caccini, a famous singer of the time, Jacopo Corsi, a wealthy Florentine amateur, Ottavio Rinuccini, a poet, Jacopo Peri, a composer, and a number of amateurs, who, with the exception of the two professionals mentioned, Caccini and Peri, form the entirety of the company assembled. Galilei, who was a Florentine gentleman, has attained greater celebrity through his famous son, the astronomer Galileo Galilei than through himself; yet he was well known in his day as a cultivated scholar, an admirer of the antique, and as a musical amateur the equal or perhaps the superior of Count di Vernio himself.

Galilei happens to be the spokesman of the group. He is inveighing against the music of the time, and recapitulating its faults—a long catalogue of which he has recently drawn up in a treatise on the blemishes and imperfections of the music of his day. The principal point which excites his acrimony is the fact that there is no simple melody, but that constant and persistent harmony reigns in every form of composition, often of the most intricate kind, to the detriment of all apprehension of the air; for the ear listening only to the movements of the parts, fails to catch the upper part of the concord, to which, irrespective of that, the composers pay no manner of attention. He instances the villanesche, the villote, and particularly the madrigals which represent the fashionable music of the day as deplorable instances of this habit.

In reply to Galilei's strictures, to which most of those present agree, one of the party instances an experiment which had been recently made by a friend of his, agreeably to which the highest part of a madrigal was confided to a solo singer, while the under-parts were committed to the delivery of instruments with an effect which, if somewhat *bizarre*, was yet an advance on the ordinary way. To this Galilei replies that he could do better than that, and proceeds to give an account of various experiments which he has recently made with the object of giving prominence to one voice alone. After considerable pressure he exhibits to the company a setting of Dante's "Ugolino" which he has recently completed, which is intended to be delivered by one voice with accompaniment for one violin. The boldness of his experiment struck everybody with astonishment, and even among those who had been most interested in his views up till now the opinion seemed to be pretty prevalent that such a reactionary composition as this could scarcely fail to savour of childishness and ultra-simplicity. The character of the simple melody thus set to words was perhaps another drawback to general appreciation; for in place of observing symmetrical phrases and beats it partook of the nature more of melodious declamation. To such music had Galilei set the poem of Dante, which, after various scrutiny, criticism, and comment, he proceeds to declaim himself, with the help of a violinist, who is easily procured from among the hangers-on of the mansion.

A simple melody and an accompaniment was entirely unknown in those days. Four-part harmony was the very least that any man claiming to be a composer would dream of writing in. All the madrigals were heavily harmonised. Even when the words of the madrigal were plainly the utterance of one single personage the invariable harmony was written nevertheless. Even in the little theatrical spectacles which were sometimes introduced in the pauses of banquets or at *fetes* of the nobility, if a solo from one of the dancers or actors were an appropriate adornment to the part, no solo would ever be forthcoming, but in its stead an eight part madrigal would very likely be sung by an unseen choir, during which the actor would pose as if the harmony were rolling from his lips. We have an amusing instance of this practice in a ballet entitled "Venus and Cupid," in which one of the numerous adventures of the Goddess of Love was performed on the stage. Whenever she opened her

mouth to sing a love song to her adored one, a hidden choir of eight voices, and possibly double that number of performers, delivered the air expressive of her rapture and her passion. Whenever Cupid, from similar or different motives favoured the company with a song, a hidden chorus in five parts intoned with stentorian energy the childish prattle of the God of Love. Hard though it may be for us to imagine an extraordinary custom so potent and so universal as to banish solo singing completely from the art of music, we must accept the testimony of contemporary writers that such was the case; and then we may partly understand the wonder and astonishment of Galilei's hearers when he calmly recommended to them his simple strains as *morceaux* capable of public performance.

Did we follow the conversation at Count di Vernio's house to its conclusion we should find that Galilei gradually wins upon the sympathies and beliefs of his hearers. In searching for reasons to give cogency to his theories, he finds a safe and sure support in an appeal to the practice of the Greeks. Greek art is a subject they are all interested in, and the methods of Greek tragedy they all have studied. Directly this topic comes into the discussion they are all attention, and Galilei's words, instead of bringing incredulity, begin to carry conviction. "Was it not the case," he argues, "that in Greek tragedy, which was admittedly the height and climax of ancient music, by far the greater portion of the play—that is to say, the dialogue which was carried on by individual actors—consisted of the declamation of solo voices along with the accompaniment of a flute or of a lyre? If such were the case, which was undoubted, what higher justification could be wished for the form of music which he was now offering for their acceptance?" To such an argument there was no replying. One by one the company gave in their adhesion to the proposition, and ere the sitting was over, the point at issue was not the justification or non-justification of Galilei's theories, which all allowed, but the question how the world might be disposed to take the new views of the *dilettante*. Most enthusiastic in commendation of the new method of singing, which was christened the Recitative, was Count di Vernio, whose sole regret was that in consequence of having to proceed to Rome in an official capacity to Pope Clement VIII. he should not be able to be present in Florence at any experiments which might be made towards introducing the method of singing to the public there. Various plans were proposed with this object in view; various attempts at public performance were made with more or less success. At last the general opinion seemed to be that the only thing which the propagandists lacked for the realisation of their theories was a Greek tragedy in Italian, or a fair imitation of one, wherein might be shown the Recitative in its original surroundings, mixed with the speech and the melodious choruses or songs, which, united, made up the form of art known among the Greeks as Tragedy. To prepare such a book the poet Rinuccini was commissioned. He did so, and the first production of his pen, "Daphne," furnished with this peculiar music, met with fair success. But his next production, "Eurydice," was sensational in its success. Constructed far more closely on the lines of the ancient tragedy than "Daphne" had been, and, being of a more ambitious order, it won a hold on the Florentine public which years could not diminish nor opposition weaken. This was the first *opera* which was ever heard in Europe—the first of a long line whose end is not yet—the first achievement of a great form without which European music would have been poor indeed.

We have considered various social influences which have exercised their power upon music. The direct influence of *dilettantism* is so rare a one that we may not again find another example of the same in the whole annals of the art. But here the influence was direct and obvious. Nay more, it was deliberate, which makes the case still more unusual and singular. A party of gentlemen meet together at a house and resolve that the practice of music as they find it is wrong and reprehensible; they resolve by their own *fiat* to alter the music of Europe; they make the attempt, and lo! as the outcome of their sublime audacity a great musical form which has been the delight of thousands, the subject of the finest art, and the pride of the latter centuries of the history of music. The Emperor Adrian in the days of Imperial Rome, when his power was despotic and the servility of his subjects at its height, passed an edict to introduce one new letter into the Latin language. Despite the eagerness of his people to obey him his attempt ended in disastrous failure: the letter dropped out of sight in no time. Such things as changes in art or changes in language are not amenable to the deliberate initiative of any one. They grow gradually, and take their place with the other things

of the world, and if their introduction can fairly be accredited to any one promoter, his action in the matter has been purely and wholly unconscious. Such is the general rule; yet in the present case we have one of these changes brought about by the deliberate action, not of an emperor whose word was irrefragable law, but of a few private gentlemen whose social influence extended not beyond the bounds of their own families: we have one of the most imposing changes ever introduced into the art of music effected, not even by musicians, but by a group of *dilettanti*, many of whom could not either play or sing any portions of the new art to which their critical acumen alone had guided them, and for which their own unprofessional opinions were the sole vouchers of the truth. Such an occurrence has surely never been known again, not only in music, but in any other art or pursuit of mankind.

## HIGHER EDUCATION IN MUSIC.

BY JULIUS KLAUSER.

(Concluded from page 931.)

The simplest one-voiced musical phrase combines melody, harmony, rhythm, and metre, and we cannot comprehend such a phrase unless mental habits have been cultivated to meet these melodic, harmonic, rhythmical, and metrical conditions as fast as they impinge on the mind's ear. A scrap of musical thought is never less than a section, or small phrase, and less than such a small phrase conveys no musical sense to either adult or child. During many years of observation I have found that nature and the stimulating influences of a more or less favourable environment educate the faculties of every-day musical children to a common result. Highly-gifted children and so-called prodigies are here excluded. The common result referred to, is an intuitive sense of a musical period, of its melodic, harmonic, rhythmical, and metrical conditions. This is proved by many facts, one being that little children often improvise little airs of their own which, in many instances, are perfect in form and detail, and of which I have made an interesting collection. What this signifies, and that it signifies much, further analysis will show. It signifies a sense of the most intimate relationships of tones in a key and scale, a sense of rhythmical and harmonic progression, a sense of simple dual and triple rhythm and measure, a sense of the small phrase, and a natural predilection to tone-think and tone-produce. This precocity in the natural musical faculties of children explains why our methods are indirect, leaving so much to intuition, and why so much is accomplished in so illogical and unwarrantable a manner, for there are fine singers and players everywhere. Fine musicians are, however, not so common, and therefore the psychologist reads something still deeper and more important in these bountiful gifts of nature, namely, the ease with which direct methods might be employed and the great improvement in all things musical that would follow. Nature provides so rich a soil, in the child, for the educator; therefore, let education begin where nature leaves off, let the educator begin by taking gratefully what nature has given and let him intellectualize the natural instincts of his pupil.

A student is laying a substantial foundation for a genuine appreciation of the language of music and is studying music, in the strict sense of the term, when he is exercising his mind in thinking and observing the relations of tones, for the purpose of learning their agreements and antagonisms, their relation to a mutual Tonic and consequent groupings into keys and scales; the varieties of intervals, chords, rhythms, measures, metres and their differences; and all this mental practice, when properly guided, must evolve an accurate ear and intelligent feeling.

In the familiar sense of the term, to study music means to learn to sing and play. The multifarious methods for these purposes present a labyrinth of mechanical details, precepts and practices relating to the use and mastery of some special instrument, and are often preluded by a wise discussion on the physiology of the particular organs of the body that come into play. My brief criticism of these methods may be repeated thus: the *how* is studied before the *what*. My remedy is equally brief, namely: let the *what* precede the *how*. In this way the ear will receive the attention that at present is almost exclusively directed to the eye. As it is, the average pianist sees a note, sees a key, strikes it, and last of all, HEARS. According to the above remedy the pianist first of all hears mentally what

he wants and then sets about producing it in a rational manner. The *how*, of necessity, grows out of, and is suggested by, the *what*. The musician is represented in the *what*, the instrumentalist in the *how*. The two must be combined in one individual. There is a far more important instrument than the voice, piano, organ or violin, whose technique must be developed to a high degree of automatism. This instrument is the mind.

Yet the high degree of mental automatism which is requisite to a correct reader and interpreter of music is frightfully complex. All the more reason then, why an intelligent exercise of the mental instrument should be begun as early as possible. That the performer should be a musician and that the musician should be far in advance of the performer, are matters of course; but this state of things is unusual, inasmuch as the ambition to execute far exceeds the ambition to attain to sound musicianship. The great advantages of studying music in connection with an instrument, especially with the piano, are not for a moment taken into question. It is, however, an error to suppose, as many do, that learning to play on some instrument is absolutely indispensable to the study of music: for the mental instrument can be cultivated to an unlimited degree in a person who is neither a singer nor a player. It would be a good thing if piano-players were compelled to study without a piano for a few weeks at a time, and if between times they were compelled to keep away from their pianos until they know exactly *what* and *how* they are to practice. Such restrictions would give pianists the much-needed opportunity for exercising their musical faculties, and would ultimately elevate their general standard of musicianship, which at present is too often on a plane with the rope-dancer, the acrobat, and the juggler. The ready-made tone of the piano is a serious though not an insurmountable obstacle to the development of the mental instrument of the pianist.

In musical expression the feelings tend in a certain direction, and we follow on the line of least resistance. There is no question as to what the motor in musical expression should be. Everybody will say it should be a refined intelligence. Every true musician knows that coarse animal feeling too commonly passes for such intelligence. The same intelligent society that complacently accepts the coarsest sort of ranting in music would not tolerate anything so crude and revolting in the recitation of a poem, or in the presentation of a drama.

The more carefully I look into the relations of musician and public the more I am inclined to take up weapons in defence of the latter. The unreasonableness of the demands of the musician on the public and the degree to which the musician takes advantage of the musical ignorance of the public have no parallel. Such a statement calls for illustrations. To expect the general public to appreciate and enjoy a symphony, an oratorio, or a cantata at one sitting, when it takes the executants weeks and months to get anything like an adequate idea of the work, is absurd, to say the least. Again, the prevarications so commonly indulged in by concert-pianists, such as changing the original text of the masters and interpolating cadenzas and the like, to suit their caprice and bad taste, and often to conceal an imperfect memory, are things that the public would not accept were the public aware of them. These illustrations might be multiplied indefinitely.

There are not a dozen right ways to read a piece of music. The prevailing notion, that one interpreter has as good a right as another to his reading, is logically wrong. A phrase of music cannot be changed without destroying the author's intention; and a phrase cannot be concealed from the intelligent reader, for here it begins and there it ends. A perfect mental translation into tones of its melody, harmony and rhythm, with strict observance of the author's indication of its expression, must give the phrase its originally intended effect. A single phrase is but a fragment of a whole. By relationing the phrases that occur in a period and the periods that occur in a part, then again by relationing these parts, we are able to grasp the composer's intention as a whole. It is in the whole that we ultimately learn the exact effect of such phrases, periods, and parts. The whole is absorbed by a genuine musical nature and becomes a subjective experience. This subjective experience is the true narrative of the interpreter and concrete musician. There is no prevarication, no whimsical and capricious interpolating, no offensive ranting, no hysterical accentuation, the text is strictly adhered to, the phrases are clearly defined, the climaxes are properly emphasized, the enthusiastic as well as the reposeful incidents are given as they are felt, and this feeling is the feeling of ideas.



Whether the *tempo* is taken a little faster or slower does not matter, so long as the *spirit* of the *Allegro* and of the *Adagio* is not destroyed. Again, the dynamics, though they must be carefully observed, must vary in different performers according to the greater or less volume of tone which they individually are able to produce from their instrument or instruments; for the orchestra leader is an individual interpreter like the pianist, violinist, and singer, although he is obliged to convey his subjective experience through many other minds, and this necessarily makes it far more difficult to realise his desired effects. The individual whose nature cannot absorb the musical idea as just explained becomes a mechanical and an objective performer, even though he reads the phrase with the same exact fidelity to the text as the concrete musician; however, he can never become an artist, great or small, for he does not possess the assimilating musical nature. It may be objected that if everyone reads a phrase in the same way everyone will sing and play it in the same manner, and there will be no individuality among interpreters. I reply, to read a phrase in any other way than the way in which it is written is absolutely faulty and bears the stamp of ignorance. Although at the present time the alluded to prevarications and interpolations, which are manifest misinterpretations, are believed to be the sign of individuality, it is high time that such ideas should be eliminated.

Orators and actors are not considered individual and artistic when they mispronounce, punctuate incorrectly, burst forth with their voices when they should be calm, and the like. Yet the committal of such blunders by singers and players passes for individuality.

A bundle of sensations acting upon another bundle of sensations describes the relation between performer and listener that is most common at the present time. Intelligence acting upon intelligence describes this relation as it should be and as it will be in time, if the necessity for a higher education in music is felt acutely enough by the public and its educators.

#### M. MAUREL'S LECTURE.

(Continued from page 1009.)

Passons maintenant au second genre de difficultés à examiner, et demandons nous quelles qualités l'interprète doit réunir, au point de vue psychologique, pour être à la hauteur de sa tâche.

Ces qualités peuvent se réduire à une seule, qui est la base de toutes : l'intelligence. — Mais il y a diverses sortes d'intelligences. C'est donc l'intelligence théâtrale qui est nécessaire au chanteur. Cette intelligence, quelque souhaitable que cela soit, n'a pas comme éléments nécessaires un vif esprit de répartie ou une grande imagination. Mais en revanche, elle doit être développée au point de vue de la mémoire, du raisonnement et de la sensibilité.

La mémoire permet à l'interprète de retenir l'œuvre du compositeur dans ses moindres détails — le raisonnement d'analyser le genre d'interprétation qui convient à cette œuvre — la sensibilité de rendre cette interprétation d'une manière personnelle, c'est-à-dire de ne demander à l'art l'expression des mouvements de l'âme qu'après s'en être pénétré.

Puisque ce fonds intellectuel est indispensable, supposons le donc existant.

Il y eut un temps cependant où un fonds intellectuel de ce genre, déjà assez peu commun, pouvait être regardé comme le maximum nécessaire à l'interprétation lyrique. C'était l'époque des œuvres conventionnelles, à laquelle nous avons déjà fait allusion, et où il suffisait qu'un artiste hantât son rôle avec de beaux moyens vocaux, des attitudes gracieuses et une ardeur suffisamment communicative. Mais les exigences du théâtre sont devenues autrement grandes depuis l'apparition du drame lyrique. En effet, que demande le drame lyrique? La vérité des caractères, des situations où ceux-ci se trouvent, des intrigues qui les relient. Or, cette vérité, on ne peut l'obtenir que par la variété, car la vie humaine, à moins d'être envisagée dans une période de calme absolu, comme il s'en trouve dans l'existence de chaque individu et de chaque peuple, n'est qu'une succession d'événements et de sentiments divers. Donc, un drame ne saurait avoir pour base d'opération le cours calme et ordinaire de la vie sous son aspect régulier et normal, et une pièce, qui n'aurait que cette seule nuance deviendrait forcément monotone, car le public n'est attiré vers le

théâtre que pour y être impressionné par des intrigues poignantes. Par conséquent, le simple exposé de la vie terre-à-terre, mis au théâtre risquerait fort de n'offrir qu'un spectacle inattendu et risible, celui du public courant vers le bureau de location pour reprendre son argent. Ce serait alors ce qu'on pourrait appeler le drame de la caisse.

Il est donc évident qu'au théâtre l'état de tranquillité ne doit être qu'un intermède entre les diverses situations mouvementées, et que tous les efforts de l'interprète doivent tendre à obtenir la variété, c'est-à-dire à analyser de telle sorte les moindres détails du drame qu'il en soit imprégné au point d'en être l'image vivante du personnage qu'il joue. L'interprète ne doit pas seulement voir le drame dans son rôle; il doit l'avoir dans sa propre nature, tout comme s'il en était atteint lui-même dans sa vie et dans ses affections. On conçoit donc par là combien grande est la dépense que doit faire l'artiste, puisque durant quelques heures, ballotté entre des mouvements extrêmes, il doit vivre tout le drame d'une vie.

Mais combien éloignés de cette conception sont les artistes qui, ne comprenant pas que l'interprétation se compose d'émotions exceptionnelles, en font une besogne ordinaire et invariablement tracée, commençant à huit heures pour finir à minuit, qui, aux mêmes endroits, reproduisent mécaniquement les mêmes attitudes et les mêmes gestes appris par cœur, et restent froids au théâtre, comme s'ils voulaient réserver toute leur ardeur pour les péripéties de leur existence privée.

Pour sentir l'énorme distance qui sépare un interprète de ce genre d'un artiste vrai, il suffit de mettre en parallèle deux natures douées l'une d'un organe exceptionnel, l'autre d'un organe simplement normal, en supposant que le possesseur de l'organe exceptionnel, s'étant fié surtout aux dons naturels et à certaines facilités intuitives, a négligé d'acquiescer les connaissances que nous verrons être indispensables à son art, pendant que le possesseur de l'organe qui n'est que simplement normal s'est au contraire pourvu du surplus de connaissances qui manquent au premier. Eh bien, l'expérience a prouvé, pour les arts en général, et particulièrement pour l'art du théâtre chanté que, dans une continuité de productions faite par ces deux sortes d'individualités, c'est la seconde qui a toujours prévalu sur la première dans le jugement de tous les publics, parce que l'esprit domine toujours la matière.

En effet, la première interprétation peut surprendre par sa sonorité exceptionnelle, comme un phénomène inaccoutumé; mais ce phénomène cesse de l'être dès que l'oreille s'y habitue, et le charme de la surprise se change bientôt en monotonie.

La seconde interprétation, au contraire, ne frappe pas l'attention de l'auditeur par l'effet de la sonorité, mais par le profond accent de conviction qui l'anime, et, de simplement normale qu'elle aurait pu paraître au début, cette interprétation arrivera à captiver l'attention du public, et elle grandira à mesure que se développera l'action du drame.

Bref, on peut définir ainsi la valeur respective des qualités vocales et psychiques que doit réunir l'interprète : entre deux interprètes ayant des dons intellectuels de même force et de même culture, celui-là aura la supériorité qui possèdera le privilège de la plus belle sonorité, tandis que de deux interprètes doués d'organes ayant une sonorité équivalente, celui-là emportera la palme qui sera intellectuellement le mieux à même de les faire valoir.

Que devra donc faire l'interprète du drame lyrique pour être à la hauteur des exigences intellectuelles de sa mission? Acquiescer de l'instruction et de l'éducation.

Dans l'instruction, on ne peut pas exiger d'un chanteur la justification préalable d'études classiques complètes, vu les circonstances diverses et souvent difficiles dans lesquelles a pu s'écouler son enfance. L'accès de l'art doit être libre. Mais, une fois entré dans la carrière, l'artiste a le devoir d'acquiescer des connaissances générales suffisantes, en développant spécialement les connaissances littéraires et les connaissances historiques. Les premières formeront son esprit à comprendre la construction des œuvres qui lui sont confiées, et les secondes lui permettront de représenter avec justesse et vérité l'époque dans laquelle son personnage est censé vivre.

L'éducation est le complément naturel de l'instruction, car elle fait sentir le besoin de s'éloigner des entourages peu favorables au développement intellectuel, et elle donne les moyens de se rapprocher des milieux les plus favorables à ce développement.

Il ne nous reste plus maintenant qu'à examiner la partie scénographique.

Nous sommes ici en présence d'un art absolument moderne. Vous le savez, les Grecs et les Romains ignoraient la science du trompe-l'œil, puisque leurs théâtres étaient en plein air. Tous leurs rôles étaient tenus par des acteurs du sexe masculin, dont le costume ne se distinguait

des vêtements ordinaires que par des chaussures spéciales et des masques, soit comiques, soit tragiques, mais également grotesques, et dont on ne pourrait trouver de nos jours un équivalent que chez les acteurs chinois.

Avec votre grand poète Shakespeare, les représentations théâtrales, bien que tenues dans des salles fermées, n'offraient guère plus de couleur locale, puisqu'on y suppléait aux décors par des écriteaux. Dans le théâtre classique des XVII.<sup>e</sup> et XVIII.<sup>e</sup> siècles, il ne put se réaliser aucun progrès sérieux, puisque l'usage donnait aux gentilshommes de qualité la prérogative de s'asseoir autour des acteurs, sur la scène même. Le plus souvent les acteurs de cette époque ne quittaient pas leurs vêtements de ville, et, lorsqu'ils prenaient le parti de se costumer, la dissonance devenait encore plus frappante, car les dessinateurs chargés de composer les costumes, ne possédant aucune notion de la vérité historique, se livraient à toutes les extravagances de leur fantaisie. Il suffit d'ailleurs de voir les gravures du temps pour se faire une idée du caractère carnavalesque de ces travestissements.

Ce n'est guère qu'au début de ce siècle que le développement des études historiques a fait sentir le ridicule de ces anachronismes de fantaisie et la nécessité de reconstituer avec réalité les époques représentées sur le théâtre. Depuis lors, l'art scénographique n'a fait que se développer, pour atteindre enfin cette apogée dont la scène sur laquelle nous nous trouvons en ce moment doit être regardée comme une des expressions les plus complètes qui se puissent imaginer.

Ces progrès de l'art scénographique, répondaient visiblement aux besoins de notre époque, car ils ne tardèrent pas à acquérir une immense popularité. Il est incontestable que dans les grandes centres, non seulement le public raffiné mais encore la grande masse, a développé son goût à cet égard au point d'exiger qu'on lui donne sur le théâtre, quelques frais que cela puisse coûter, la *vérité*.

Cette vérité doit exister d'une part dans l'ensemble de la reconstitution d'une époque historique, et d'autre part dans la reproduction au moins apparente des actions particulières.

Supposons par exemple qu'on veuille représenter un festin du moyen âge comme celui de Macbeth ; il va sans dire que d'une part, l'ameublement de la salle, le costume des convives, l'arrangement de la table, doivent refléter cette époque, et qu'il serait absolument risible, ainsi qu'on le voit encore quelquefois, de représenter nos ancêtres éclairés par des lustres, alors qu'ils en usaient le plus souvent même dans les maisons les plus riches, que de fumeuses torches de résine ; mais d'autre part il faut encore que les convives du festin aient au moins l'air de vraiment boire et manger.

Voilà pour la vérité, mais le public exige encore l'*harmonie* à laquelle toutes les parties de la représentation scénographique doivent concourir ; car une reconstitution où le souci des détails aurait été poussé jusqu'à des effets d'un réalisme si cru que l'harmonie générale en souffrirait, risquerait forcément de déplaire au public qui se sentirait instinctivement choqué dans son goût et ne voudrait plus tenir compte des efforts tentés.

Ainsi des tableaux dans le genre d'une opération chirurgicale avec tous ses détails répugnants, seront toujours bannis de l'esthétique de l'art théâtral.

Examinons donc les conditions dans lesquelles il convient d'appliquer cette vérité et cette harmonie aux trois parties de l'art scénographique : la *lumière*, les  *décors*, *costumes* et *accessoires* et enfin les *mouvements*.

Avant tout, il y a une observation générale à faire et un vœu à émettre. Il est à regretter qu'actuellement, dans l'arrangement scénographique d'une pièce, le travail soit divisé entre plusieurs initiatives, et il serait à souhaiter qu'une unité de conception presidât invariablement à l'œuvre, tout comme, dans la construction d'un édifice, c'est l'architecte seul qui règle toutes les parties de l'ensemble, depuis les calorifères du sous-sol jusqu'aux gouttières du toit.

Au contraire, en ce qui concerne la *lumière*, les  *décors*, *costumes* et *accessoires*, les auteurs s'en remettent généralement à la direction, laquelle est rarement d'une compétence réelle, car les théâtres qui, comme celui-ci, ont le bonheur d'être dirigés par un grand artiste, pourraient vite se compter sur les doigts. La direction, à son tour, a l'habitude de répartir entre plusieurs artistes indépendants l'un de l'autre, le soin des diverses parties de la mise en scène, ce qui ne devrait être fait que d'après la conception unique d'un plan général. En effet, les diverses parties de la mise en scène réagissent intimement l'une sur l'autre et pour peu qu'il y ait désaccord dans la façon dont elles ont été conçues, l'ensemble d'harmonie nécessaire ne peut s'établir.

Quant aux *mouvements*, lesquels y apportent la vie, c'est la seule partie de la mise en scène qui relève de l'interprète. Mais à son tour, avant de la régler, il doit la mettre en harmonie avec la conception du plan général,

si celui-ci existe, et s'il n'y a pas de plan général, ce qui arrive presque toujours, c'est à son imagination, à ses connaissances, à son bon goût d'y suppléer.

Quelles sont donc les qualités indispensables à un interprète pour s'acquitter honorablement de la partie scénographique de sa tâche ? D'abord, la qualité la plus élémentaire est une complexion physique normale. On ne peut pas demander aux chanteurs d'être des Adonis, mais il faut qu'ils aient une figure accessible à tout grimace et un corps auquel puissent s'adapter facilement toutes sortes de costumes.

Cette qualité primordiale existant, l'interprète doit y ajouter d'autres qualités, les unes physiques, les autres intellectuelles, car la scénographie a son côté technique et son côté psychologique tout comme le chant.

Les *qualités physiques* dérivent toutes de la *souplesse*, car pour obtenir celle-ci, il faut entraîner son corps à des exercices tels qu'on le met désormais en état de satisfaire à tous les mouvements qu'exigent les différents types d'hommes que l'on doit représenter. Le corps qui aura acquis une souplesse suffisante pourra, sans effort apparent, et avec une égale aisance, adopter une démarche lourde ou légère, des gestes rapides ou lents, en un mot toutes sortes d'attitudes, même des attitudes anormales. Deux arts sont, plus que tous les autres, propres à faire acquérir cette souplesse et les qualités qui en dérivent : la *danse* et l'*escrime*. La danse (et nous comprenons, par là bien entendu, la danse académique, et non l'art de sautiller dans les salons), donnera aux mouvements et à la gesticulation de la facilité et de la grâce, tandis que l'escrime apprendra à manier avec vigueur et autorité l'épée, la dague, le bouclier, et à prendre, quand la situation le commande, des attitudes mâles et énergiques.

Les *qualités intellectuelles* doivent satisfaire aux deux exigences de la scénographie, l'*harmonie* et la *vérité*.

Pour l'*harmonie*, il n'est pas douteux que c'est dans l'ordre des études linéaires, la plastique, la peinture, le dessin, que l'interprète doit chercher les connaissances nécessaires à l'appréciation de la justesse et de l'élégance des mouvements, des gestes et des attitudes qu'il doit donner à son personnage. Bien entendu, on ne peut pas exiger de lui de devenir un exécutant dans ces arts, et il suffit qu'il se pénètre de leur esprit.

Pour la *vérité*, il la trouvera dans les études historiques auxquelles nous avons déjà fait allusion.

Mesdames, Messieurs, nous voici arrivés au terme des rapides explications que je comptais avoir l'honneur de développer devant vous relativement aux difficultés de l'art lyrique moderne. S'il y a une conclusion à en tirer, c'est que les difficultés de cet art s'accroissent en proportion de ses progrès, qui sont gouvernés eux-mêmes par les besoins de la civilisation, et que les interprètes qui entreprennent de surmonter ces difficultés ont un immense travail à faire. Il serait donc désirable qu'un plus juste équilibre moral s'établisse dans l'esprit du public entre leur situation et celle des autres artistes, peintres, littérateurs, musiciens. A Londres, il est vrai,—et je suis heureux de pouvoir le dire ici,—les vieilles barrières qui séparaient dans la vie privée les artistes lyriques de la société mondaine tendent tous les jours à s'abaisser. Mais dans les autres pays, quelque illusion qu'on veuille se faire, on ne saurait se dissimuler la vérité. La société tient encore les chanteurs à distance et leur refuse systématiquement la place où les appelle cependant l'art lyrique moderne. En revanche, elle les couvre d'or—et c'est beaucoup, sans doute, mais ce beaucoup a quelque chose de triste, car, si d'une part cet or éblouit quelques uns au point de les détourner des études sérieuses, on pourrait d'autre part souhaiter quelque chose de mieux pour ceux d'entre eux qui dépensent leur vie à mettre en lumière avec fidélité et conscience les œuvres des compositeurs, et à réaliser enfin la grande idée de Shakespeare : le théâtre doit être le miroir de la nature.

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Every one may have his own taste, and every one should be able to give reasons for what he likes. But to attempt to elevate individual tastes into universal laws, is to forsake the place of the philosophical inquirer for that of the dogmatic lawgiver. The true critic does not deduce his rules from his own tastes, but rather forms his taste upon the rules necessary to the subject of his inquiry.—*Lessing*.

It may be accepted as a rule, not without exception, however, that a strong and really creative genius will be an unjust critic. And this is natural. To be what he is, he must concentrate his powers look straight before him.—*Fr. Nieckes*.



## The Dramatic World.

### "JANE."

LONDON, WEDNESDAY, 24TH DECEMBER, 1890.

MY DEAR MR. FIELDMOUSE,—

It was with a due sense of the solemnity of the occasion that I set myself to consider so serious a matter as a farce. We are all, as you know, Earnest now; it is in truth as *fin de siècle* in England to be Earnest, as it is to be flippant in France.

I think I may assume, then, that it was with a due feeling of the importance of the occasion, and of the dignity of their craft, that those two true artists, Messrs. Harry Nicholls and W. Lestocq, set themselves to produce a variant of a story which from its age and mystical tendency can hardly, I think, be other than a sun-myth. Perhaps, indeed, the feeling for the Family so characteristic of the northern nations has induced authors of these latitudes to infer from the well-known phenomenon of the Mock Sun the existence of a—logically necessary—Mock Wife.

For the stage, of late years, has seen many forms of this legend. If I remember right, Oxenford's "Brother Sam"—a sequel to Lord Dundreary—was a young man who had to produce a wife at an hour's notice. So was a chief character in H. J. Byron's "Uncle." So was Timkins, in "Timkins' Little Holiday;" so were the heroes of "Mon Oncle," "My Uncle," "Prête-moi ta Femme," and "Your Wife." And it is an added proof of the serious way in which the authors of "Jane" have set about their task that one of the plays I have named—"Timkins' Little Holiday"—was but a study by Mr. Nicholls for the work now produced at the Comedy Theatre in all the dignity of three acts.

There are those who, *a-technics* of stagecraft—to employ a word which Mr. P. G. Hamerton some years ago signally failed to introduce into the English language—quite fail to understand the amount of study which must be given to a work of this class. They little appreciate the depths of the science of Scenography—as M. Maurel chastely calls it.

Let them only for a moment consider the questions which arise in the mind of dramatist when he sets himself to discover the development of (let me say) this particular sun-myth which shall produce the fullest, the most theatrically-effective, the most unlooked for and yet the most conceivable results. Let A be a young fellow who has obtained supplies from B (his guardian) on the false pretence that he was married, and who is forced by a sudden visit from B to produce a wife: then, in the first place,—

Who is this wife, C, to be? Shall she be in reality maid, wife, or widow?

A little reflection shows that it is most effective to make her a wife, as this introduces to the story a fourth important character—her husband, D (probably jealous).

Thence comes another question: Shall the husband at first obligingly lend himself to the little plot, and afterwards turn jealous? Or shall he be jealous from the first, and only by compulsion consent?

The second alternative perhaps promises best; and a third question is closely connected with this point.

Who is the husband, D, to be? In what relation does he stand to A: stranger, friend, or servant?

In most of the plays I have quoted—perhaps in all—D is A's friend and equal. The variant of Messrs. Lestocq and Nicholls makes C and D the servants of A, which certainly helps the pro-

bability and humour of the thing: though it perhaps adds to the danger of suggestiveness—a danger not altogether avoided in "Jane."

That matters are complicated by the existence of another lady, E, to whom A is engaged, is taken almost for granted by the experienced playmaker: who has already dismissed the suggestion, "Should not C be already A's fiancée?" as destroying half the possibilities of the story.

A more difficult point is "About the children of the supposed marriage? Are there to be any? And, if so, how many shall there be, how old, and how are their representatives to be provided?" All the plays I have cited solve this question in different fashions: and hardly one of them altogether avoids that bugbear of the playgoing Briton—the suggestive.

The notion of an elderly dame, F, who is only too willing to represent Mrs. A for twenty-four hours—with vain hopes of the reversion of the post hereafter—is natural enough (especially on the stage), though the complication first appears in the present variant; and no student of Molière could refrain from making matters worse by the blunders of a well-meaning servant, G. Yet Messrs. Lestocq and Nicholls seem to be the first students of Molière in this behalf; and have ingeniously made the said servant not a superfluous G, but the husband D.

Now, my dear sir, you have some elementary notion of the profound anatomical studies necessary to produce a satisfactory skeleton even for an animal so low in the scale of *vertebrata* as the Common Farce; and now let me bring to your notice the point at which I have in reality been labouring all this while. We have not many authors of merit nowadays who set themselves to provoke mere hearty fun by writing what is called the "good old-fashioned farce;" and of those we have the majority construct their skeletons in the laudable spirit of Earnestness which I have endeavoured to depict—and so go on to the end.

Now I hold that a farce should be good fun; written with enjoyment, written to amuse—and not to work out a given plot. And this is where "Jane"—the most unpretending piece of drollery, in three acts which might be rattled through in an hour (barring "waits")—this is where "Jane" is really strong. You feel that it has not only been made by men who know the stage: there is a humourist at work here. The author is sure of his framework and does not think of it—he has not to write lines which "advance the plot;" he has to be funny—and he is funny. Hardly a sentence is dry: there is always the humour underlying, and welling up whenever it gets a chance. There is little character-drawing, it is true; but the differences of personality among the actors sufficiently vary the style of these drolleries, and all seem natural because none are forced.

Fortunately, too, the acting is as varied as it is in the main good. The astonishing *verve* and intelligence of Miss Lottie Venne have never been better employed—she sends home a line with the directness and almost the force of Chaumont; in this play she is, with no exaggeration, invaluable. Now no art could be a completer contrast to hers than that of Mr. Hawtrey—who is not a bit like Chaumont. He is limited, if you like, and in a sense awkward, but there is really a profound *finesse* in his lying, which Mr. Charles Wyndham could barely rival. The amazing simplicity of his utterance of the two words "William's wife" went very near to genius.

Mr. Kemble, again, is utterly unlike these two, and very admirable in humour and finish—despite his tendency to ape the actions of the semaphore; and the choice of Mr. E. M. Robson for the formidable Pixton was an inspiration. Master Saker, too, was a bright boy, Miss Ethel Matthews a pretty girl; the only blot upon

a good cast was Miss Ewell's extravagant impersonation of a character perhaps more stagey than the rest.

Yet I can't help feeling that the best part of the piece was one made very little of. Mr. Brookfield, often an exquisite comedian, was quaint in his way as William, the jealous husband; but this part called for the breadth, the clearness, and the unforced humour of a George Barrett or a Harry Nicholls.

Noting this drawback—and a line or two very worthy of excision, of the worst of which (to hint at it becomingly) the authors have been reminded as often as Molière of his *Tarte à la crème*—let me recommend to you the sight of "Jane" as a means to that merry Christmas so heartily wished to you by your seasonable

MUS IN URBE.

## THE DRAMATISTS.

LXI.—SCRIBE.

While the French people were heaving and tossing, like sea-waves when a storm is "blowing up," before the wild outbreak of the Revolution, cooler heads were working a revolution in thought as necessary to the reformers of the future as the overthrowing of kings: and Robespierre was an unknown man when Adam Smith published the "Wealth of Nations."

Even so, before and during the wild work of Hugo and Dumas, a quiet mechanic was making possible a drama of the future which shall incorporate the fresh vigour of Hugos to come with a stage-science the result of Scribe's cool brainwork as well as of the sheer enthusiasm of his juniors. Dumas himself, indeed, in his later comedies showed that he had—however unconsciously—sat at the feet of Eugène Scribe as a constructor of plays.

This he might well have done, even in that early youthtime when the mind is most impressionable. Scribe was born in 1791, and his first play, "Le Dervis," was produced in 1811. It has been said that he had no real success till 1816—when his vaudeville, "Une Nuit de la Garde Nationale," made a hit and a good many enemies—but it would seem that from the beginning he had, as it were, established himself as a dramatist who had "come to stay." He was enormously productive, and had no doubt brought out over a hundred plays before the first of Dumas' appeared. In 1823 alone he produced nearly twenty plays—a good many of them in one act only, it is true—and before his death, in 1861, he had written over four hundred. Lope de Vega is his only rival!

Two things, both characteristic of his worldwide difference from such a man as Victor Hugo, must be remembered when one is considering this amazing industry. In the first place his plays can have given him but little of the wear and tear of passion, of sustained excitement, which must have gone to the making of "Marion Delorme" or "The Doll's House": and in the second he constantly worked in collaboration—and it may be safely said that few works of high passion have been produced in collaboration. Besides this, his collaborators no doubt saved him some part of the trouble of invention, of hitting upon a story: which was, in fact, the only trouble with him—so absolutely had he become the master of his craft, as he understood it. (Let us add, in fairness to Scribe, that he almost invariably did the lion's share of the work, and was much more than just in the sharing of what fame and profit it brought in. He was the most honest and generous of men.)

To put in one sentence the work of Scribe, we may say that in him ingenuity of construction was brought to its highest pitch. He continued the classic theory of play-making in its best sense: his comedies for the most part keep as near as is reasonable to the unities of time and place, while he in truth devoted all the best of his energy to maintaining the unity of action. Complicated as his stories are, every line throughout the play tends directly to the climax of the main plot. There is no real passion, only as much wit as a Frenchman is almost bound to have, very little drawing of character, no picturesqueness: but there is always a sufficient story, told with a clearness and an ingenuity beyond all praise. A proof of Scribe's real knowledge of the theatre is that his formula applied equally to all sorts of plays: the comedy of manners, the modern "comedy-drama," opera of all kinds—grand, comic, and "ballad-opera"—vaudevilles and farces, of course and especially, and historical plays, perhaps the least successful of his work. "Adrienne Lecouvreur," the "Verre d'Eau," the "Bataille des Dames,"

"Bertrand et Raton," these, and hundreds of other plays—literal, not figurative, hundreds—have carried the name of Scribe over all the world, have been adapted in every language spoken by white men, and made their author a member of the sacred Forty, an Academician, in despite of grammar. (For a less literary dramatist than Scribe we are hardly likely to meet in our passage through the theatres of all time.)

To put the fact as it has often been put before, the comedies of Scribe are more chess-problems than plays. They are too complicated to allow for the breadth and movement of great passions; and the newer dramatists feel this—as the new audiences have long felt it—and laugh at the master as "out of date," without realising how much they owe to him. But their debt is, indeed, a heavy one, if not without offsets in the shape of lessons which have had to be unlearned; and—to parody Johnson—"he who would know how a stage-story may best be told, every scene led up to and every line made of value in its development, should give his days and nights to the study of Scribe."

It need hardly be said that Scribe had no private history; this can be so plainly inferred from his plays. He was, of course, born in Paris, of educated parents, and intended for the law; and of course he made an immense fortune by his works. He had not an enemy in the world, except among those who did not know him but had seen his comedies.

## NOTES AND NEWS.

Having made a success awhile ago with a capital stage version of "Alice in Wonderland," Mr. Savile Clarke had nothing to do but to follow it up, and there was nothing to follow it up with but Thackeray's—we beg pardon, Mr. Thackeray's—"The Rose and the Ring"; or, at all events, there was no other English fairy story of modern date at once famous and actable. "The Water-babies" hardly lends itself to stage-treatment; and—and at the moment of writing we can recollect no other fairy tale of real fame which belongs to this class. So Mr. Savile Clarke adapted "The Rose and the Ring," Mr. Walter Slaughter wrote music for it, Mr. Sedger produced it at the Prince of Wales's, and Mr. Charles Harris put it on the stage—spending the money of the management with amazing liberality and (it must be added) very striking results. Perhaps, as usual in these entertainments, the show and the scenery rather swamp the story and the fun; but, on the whole, the author has done his work well—and, which is a great thing, he has been faithful to his Thackeray.

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We ourselves—by which of course we merely mean "I," the individual now writing, only it would not be editorial to say so—"we" then, do not like Thackeray's "Rose and the Ring." We venture to think the author of "Esmond" and the "Hoggarty Diamond" the greatest novelist who ever lived; but, to our mind, much smaller men have written much better fairy tales. The humour of the book is (to our humble thinking) too much the humour of Jeames, and we were very glad indeed to find that we felt this less upon the stage than by the fireside. The first act of Mr. Clarke's "pantomime" is a capital and quite inoffensive fairy story; and if the second act is more or less non-existent, that is only a way that such second acts have. Only let us point out a technical fault: in Act II. the play seems just about to finish—all is getting ready for a happy ending—when suddenly the drama changes its mind and goes on for another twenty minutes. But, on the whole, 'tis a pretty piece of work; and one tiny child—Empsie Bowman—is irresistible in it. Mr. John Le Hay is so good that he deserves instant promotion to the Savoy, Mr. Monkhouse would be extremely funny but that he has nothing to do, Mr. Cheesman is vigorous, Miss Attalie Claire very bright and pleasant, and Miss Violet Cameron as magnificent as is her wont.

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The music of the "Rose and the Ring" is the most popular that Mr. Walter Slaughter has yet given us; he has never before so thoroughly realised that, to be "catchy," a melody requires a maximum of strong rhythm and a minimum of work put into it. Having realised this, and possessing besides a very pretty gift of tune, he has filled this fireside pantomime with flowing melodies easy for children to sing and to remember.



By a sad and curious coincidence Mr. George Conquest has had another loss on the very day on which last year his daughter died. On the 17th of this month he lost his wife, who had been fatally hurt in a carriage accident ten days earlier.

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Throughout the late astonishing weather the Lyric and Criterion theatres have had audiences hardly diminished; but almost everywhere else "business" has fallen with the snow—and quite as heavily.

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Those clever children, Masters Paul and Charlie Carré, gave a "dramatic entertainment" in the Steinway Hall on the afternoon of the 19th. We have already spoken of the singular skill displayed by these little boys, and need add little to what was then said. At present they have, perhaps, scarcely emerged from the imitative stage; but they reproduce with quaint exactness and *vraisemblance* the emotions of the characters whom they essay to represent. Their versatility is sufficiently indicated by the fact that the programme included such varied scenes as those from "The Heir at Law," "King John," "The School for Scandal," and "Macbeth," and that English is by no means the only language in which they can act. They should become very popular with those who care for charming and talented children.

### THE ADVERTISEMENT SANDWICH. A PROTEST.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE MUSICAL WORLD."

SIR: Nowadays when society beauties—disinterestedly, of course—write puffs for soap, &c., and Royal Academicians employ their talents for the same purpose, we have grown accustomed to seeing every hoarding covered with more or less artistic advertisements of things we do or do not want; and the discovery that a new book contains the minimum of literature and the maximum of trade announcements only moves us to wonder who reads the latter. We cannot yet entirely believe the tale told by a credulous friend, who professes to have an acquaintance supposed to be an infallible authority on untearable serges, Irish linens, poker work, knitting yarns, and patent medicines in consequence of having once patiently waded through every page of a popular ladies' paper. Certainly the fact was accomplished during a week spent in a country house, when the musician of the family was ill, the billiard table out of order, and "Mudie's box" delayed by a snowstorm. Still, to some extent it was a matter of choice. The advertisements were the Alpha and Omega of the paper in question, and, like well-trained servants, kept their places. It is a different thing when a shower of leaflets—yellow, white, and green—falls from between the leaves of a magazine upon which we depend for our monthly report of Art, past and present.

If the genius of Fernand Khnopff is "to fascinate us with an almost hypnotic power," it would be more likely to attain that end without a page of letter-press being placed between the "Sphinx" and "Weeping for other days."

"Rizine for Christmas Puddings" in conjunction with a Moslem Cemetery, is (we hope not maliciously) suggestive. "Brookes's Soap" and "Our Doctor's Note Book" fail to interest us, coming, as they do, in the midst of a description of the bygone glories of Stamboul. Our appreciation of the "Modern Schools of Painting and Sculpture" is not quickened by the interpolation of a panegyric on some new mourning stationery; and if a paper on "Embroidered Book Covers" does not appeal to everyone, its perusal scarcely requires "Pepsalia" as an aid to mental digestion; whilst miniature art seems to have little in common with African grasses.

The fact is, some amongst us like our Art literature without a mixture of "shop." If we go through Middlesex-street or Houndsditch we do not resent the continued "buy, buy," that assails our ears, or the sallies of a Cheap Jack, but we should feel surprise, not unmixed with indignation, if a Bond-street tradesman thrust his wares in our faces with a persistent "What d'ye lack?" We consider ourselves justified therefore in entering a protest against this last nuisance—the "Advertisement Sandwich."

Yours truly,

"THINGS IN THEIR RIGHT PLACES."

There exists no rule, which is not subject to a higher rule, or rather: the rule is actually the submission of the lesser to the higher matter.—  
M. Hauptmann.

## The Organ World.

### NOTES.

Lovers of organ music will rejoice at the announcement of the series of organ recitals to be given on successive Saturday evenings from the 3rd prox. to the 28th March at Exeter Hall. Report speaks highly of the four-manual organ recently erected by Messrs. J. J. Walker and Sons, and as the recitals will be under the direction of the College of Organists, interesting programmes artistically rendered may be reasonably expected. Wisely conducted the recitals should have a wide-spread and beneficial influence on the art of organ playing, for probably a large proportion of the audiences will be young organ students; and the fact that the performances are given under the auspices of a College whose examinations are universally esteemed, and whose diplomas some of the listeners may hope some day to obtain, will impart an air of authority to the readings of important organ works which can scarcely fail to leave an impression for good or evil. The responsibilities of the various performers are therefore greater than on ordinary occasions, and it is to be hoped that this, as well as the opportunity afforded them of promoting the welfare of their art will be fully appreciated. The multiplication of organs in concert-rooms and the great increase of tonal resources have forced the modern organist to become a student of instrumentation, and given rise to what is termed an orchestral style of playing which is not always in accord with the genius of the organ. Progress which increases the attractiveness and healthy influence of art is ever welcome; but care is always necessary to prevent degeneration into extravagance and sensationalism—evils which in these days, it is scarcely necessary to observe, are specially likely to arise, and which are too often present at organ recitals. The College of Organists by these recitals can do much to check these inartistic tendencies, and to lay the foundation of a pure and healthy style, one that will excite the admiration of musicians and bear good fruit with the coming generation of organists.

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The decision of the College of Organists to open their library and suite of rooms in Hart-street, Oxford-street, on and after New Year's Day next on each day of the week, from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and Tuesday and Thursday evenings, and otherwise permit the College to be used as a club by its members, is one of those things which excites the question "Why was it not done before?" Probably no College has its members more scattered, and the convenience and great advantages of such a measure must have long since been obvious. Its library also contains many works of great interest to the musician and of special value to the organist; but to restrict its use to one day in the week must have been practically to close it to a large majority of those who would otherwise have often consulted its volumes. The council, however, have in so many ways shown their zeal in the welfare of the College, and interest in the convenience of its members, that it must be presumed there has been some good reason for the tardiness of their present action.

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Mr. J. J. Bushiel, A.C.O., late Organist of St. Catherine's, Birmingham, and pupil of Mr. A. C. Daniel, F.C.O., has been appointed, after competition, Organist and Choir-master of Morton Parish Church, Dumfries.

### REVIEWS.

#### ORGAN MUSIC.

[From the LONDON MUSIC PUBLISHING COMPANY.]

"The Vesper Bell" series of organ pieces, by Walter Spinney. Probably no organ music has obtained a wider or more speedy popularity than these unpretentious and pleasing series of compositions by the accomplished organist of the Parish Church at Leamington. The later numbers consist of No. 7, a melodious Berceuse in D. No. 8, three short voluntaries without pedal obligato, which include some ingenious variations on a "ground-bass." No. 9, an Andante in A and "Consolation," also for manuals only, admirably designed to interest young students. No. 10, a vigorous and effective "pastlude" in G, and No. 11, a second nocturne in G minor. Graceful fancy, and flowing

part writing of a simple kind are the prevailing characteristics of these pieces, which justify a hope that the writer may some day venture on more ambitious work.

[From the ST. CECILIA MUSIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, 182, Wardour St., W.]  
 "Cantilena," composed by G. F. Kendal, and arranged for the organ by W. J. Westbrook, is simple and melodious, and would effectively display good solo stops.

[From SCHOTT and Co., 159, Regent Street.]

"Prelude for the Organ," by L. C. M. Blyth, is a dignified and melodious movement, well written, with musicianly regard to the genius of the organ, and extremely effective. It is to be hoped Miss Blyth will not let her pen rest in idleness.

## REVIEWS.

The benefactors of mankind are admittedly poorly paid. They seldom receive—in their lifetime at least—the full reward of their actions, and it is really wonderful, when you come to think of it, that the philanthropists have not given up the business long ago. We, however, have always endeavoured to bless those who deserve it, in whatever way; but until the present moment we have never had an opportunity of blessing the Good Index-Maker. The opportunity has come, and an index-maker of distinctive merit is, in these lines, to be blessed altogether. The name of this happy person is Mrs. Edmond R. Wodehouse, the compiler of the Index to Sir G. Grove's "Dictionary of Music and Musicians" (Macmillan). Here is the special distinction; every good book deserves (if it does not need) an index, but while every reader will agree with this, there are probably few who have realised the use of an index to a dictionary. Dictionaries, it will be said, are books of reference, and the alphabetical arrangement adopted in all such works is a sure guide to the word or article to which reference has to be made. As Mrs. Wodehouse explains in her preface to the index, there are special reasons why Sir George Grove's Dictionary requires such an addition as the present. Those who, possessing these four wonderful volumes, understand the art of using books (a rare accomplishment, even amongst musicians) have long since discovered that they possess rather an Encyclopædia than a Dictionary. There is hardly any topic—within the limits set at the commencement of the work—which could not be "read up" with at least as much completeness as the ordinary amateur could desire from this miniature library, by any one who knew where to look for his information. This knowledge, however, was not altogether easy of acquirement until the publication of the index; and we ourselves had been driven to make a rough list for personal use of the chief historical and technical articles. Thus, when studying a subject (for confession is sweet to the reviewer) we have been accustomed to glance over our memoranda, and to find them helpful by the suggestions of headings likely to afford further information, but which, without such a list, would probably not have been thought of. If, therefore, so poor a thing could prove of so much use, how great will be the services to the student of the Index now before us may be gathered from the sketch of its plan and scope given in the preface, from which we make the following extracts:—

"Lest a Dictionary of articles arranged in alphabetical order should be thought to require no Index, it is necessary to remind readers of the 'Dictionary of Music and Musicians,' not only that it makes mention of very many persons and things to which no separate articles are devoted, but also that with regard to names and subjects which have their own articles further information and illustration are supplied in other articles. Articles also occasionally occur out of the order of strict alphabetical sequence. The object, therefore, of the present Index is to enable readers to find with ease all the information which the Dictionary affords upon any specific point of inquiry or study.

"When a heading in the Index is immediately followed by a reference to volume and page (as AARON P., i 1 a), the reader will understand that the heading has an article to itself in the Dictionary. Succeeding entries under the heading indicate other articles where it is spoken of; and 'etc.' appended to a reference signifies that the article contains further allusions to the heading. If, on the other hand, a heading is not immediately followed by a reference to volume and page (as AALST J. A. van; Hist of Music, iv. 674 b), the subject has no article of its own, but information about it may be gathered from the articles to which the entries point.

"With respect to the various Forms of music, it would be impossible

to refer to all the composers who have employed them, without uselessly swelling the bulk of the Index. For instance, Beethoven wrote an Oratorio, but he made no special mark on the Oratorio form of music, and the article on Beethoven contains nothing of interest in regard to that form. Thus no good purpose would be served by a reference to Beethoven under the heading of Oratorio; but the names of Animuccia and Mendelssohn will be found under that heading, because the former wrote the first Oratorio, and in the article on the latter this form is instructively noticed. In short, as to Forms of music, references are only given in the Index to such articles as contain matter of interest respecting them."

The plan on which the Index is compiled is here indicated briefly. We may fitly illustrate it by quoting the various complicated cross-references given under a few titles taken at random. Taking such a subject as Form; beside the chief article with that heading, references are given to Bach, Beethoven, Cadence, Chorus, Figure, Haydn, Opera, Symphony, Song, and a dozen other articles, in each of which additional information will be found. Under the title "Organ" five columns of references are given: there are four columns of references—historical and critical—to Mozart. Moreover, under the name of each composer is a list of all other articles in which his name occurs, and a complete list of the articles contributed by each writer in the dictionary. So it is not too much to say that by this Index the value of the four preceding volumes is increased tenfold. For, in spite of omissions and inaccuracies—which not even the excellent appendix edited by Mr. J. Fuller-Maitland has quite done away with—the work which Sir George Grove and his coadjutors have accomplished is a noble and memorable one, full of treasures. And the key to those treasures is now put within every student's reach by Mrs. Wodehouse, whose volume is a worthy completion. *Index coronat opus!*

One of the most interesting musical books of the year is undoubtedly "My Musical Experiences," a volume of reminiscences written by Miss Bettina Walker, and published by Mr. Richard Bentley. That the book is brightly and vividly written, so that the reader really sees with the writer's eyes, has a good deal to do with this, of course; but the people of whom she talks were all "of importance in their day," and her recollections of Henselt (the longest and best chapter in the book deals with him), Sterndale Bennett, Liszt, Tausig, Sgambati, Deppe, and Scharwenka make a distinctly valuable contribution to musical literature. Miss Walker indicates her own position towards music by the lines from Browning which form the motto on the title-page—

"What I aspired to be,

And was not, comforts me."

She evidently set out in the search after *technique*, and one cannot help feeling that the goal she ultimately touched was very different. Like the sons who, at their father's bidding, dug for treasure in a field, she found riches of a higher value than those for which she was looking; of such value, indeed, that we need not ask if she found the primary object of her quest. And so she has written a charming book, which is much better than trying to combine the results of study under half-a-dozen different masters, as she would seem to have done. What more shall we say of this entertaining volume? Obviously nothing. We will show our appreciation of it by plentiful quotation: firstly, from the description of Miss Walker's childhood; and secondly, from her recollections of Sterndale Bennett.

"The first nine years of my life were passed in a remote country village to which no news from the outward world ever seemed to come. My first conscious sensations of delight were the joy I felt in sunshine, in the scent and colour of certain flowers, in the sound of running water, which always sent me off into a sort of waking dream, and in the wind, every varied tone of which never failed to arrest my attention. If it were sighing among the leaves, I felt pleased and happy, if it were wild and stormy, I loved to run before it in an exuberant flow of animal spirits; if it whistled round the corners of the house, and moaned at night up in the chimney-top, I shuddered and shivered, and seemed to see an endless sweep of desolate moorland, beneath as endless a sweep of cloud, which grew ever greyer and greyer. I seemed to myself to be out there, seeking for shelter, for companionship, knowing all the while that the search would ever, ever be in vain.

"But every other sensation I had in those early days grew pale and shadowy before what I felt when my small fingers first drew sounds from the old grand-square Broadwood pianoforte, on which I got my first lesson before I was five years old. I ran to it as often as I could, and was soon



able to play little pieces by heart; but I was taught almost entirely by ear, and could not, even years afterwards, have spelt out the simplest thing for myself. There seemed to be (as I look back to those days) a great natural facility in the small fingers, and an instinctive yearning towards the tender and pathetic in the child-heart, and withal an ambition of one day doing something which was to surprise and charm numbers of people.

"In my ninth year I heard for the first time many voices singing together in church (probably in parts); and what I felt then I have never again experienced with the same degree of intensity. It seemed to me that the heavens opened, and there was a floating to and fro of the angel-choirs between earth and heaven. I was quite overcome, and I began to cry as if my heart were breaking; and yet I would have died rather than confess that I was crying because I was so happy—oh, so happy! I believe they took me home, thinking that I had a pain somewhere, and did not know how to tell it, or that I was frightened by the noise.

"It is difficult to believe that, although my family belonged to the better middle-class, and had much education, and some culture (my father's library contained most of the standard works in literature and history), I yet passed through childhood without having so much as heard the names of Handel, or Bach, or Beethoven. My governesses taught me Czerny's Exercises in the most slovenly and incorrect manner, also some of Herz, Plaidy, Rosellen, and even Thalberg; and the more facility I got—and I rattled through these—the more I began to dislike the pianoforte, and often wished that I were grown up, and not forced to sit at it for two long hours every day.

"All my love for music at this time went into singing; for I had a voice which seemed to grow with my growth, and was so clear and sweet and strong, that I had to try and hold it back in church, lest people should turn round to look where the voice came from. Not only had I never been in a theatre, or a concert-room, but I had never even heard of such places. I had read, however, of troubadours and wandering singers; and it came over me sometimes that my voice would bring me out into the world, and I longed to sing to a great crowd. But then I grew frightened at my thoughts (which, having been reared in a Puritan school, I regarded as sinful), and I believed that I ought to pray that they might not come to me; and this I did, poor child! often with many tears; still, singing became more and more to me, and whatever troubled, whatever pleased me, was all confessed in song."

"Leaving these childish reminiscences behind me, I pass on to the evening when I was for the first time in a concert-room, and for the first time heard not only an orchestra and a great pianist, but the orchestra playing a Beethoven symphony, and the pianist (Sir Charles Hallé) playing a Beethoven concerto. The effect on me was such that I made up my mind then and there to devote my life to music.

"Lady Eastlake's charming musical novel, 'Charles Auchester,' chanced into our house just about this time; and we all were charmed with Starwood Burney, the little boy who called the keyboard of the piano 'the beautiful cold keys.' We were told that 'Sterndale Bennett' was meant by 'Starwood Burney'; and, curiously enough, much about the same date, a friend gave me some copies of 'THE MUSICAL WORLD,' which were written when Sterndale Bennett was a boy. In this paper, his beautiful playing of his own compositions at twelve years old was graphically described; and how, later on, he went to Leipzig, and how Mendelssohn had loved and valued him. It is a singular fact that it is to these two apparently chance influences from without that I owe the good fortune of having studied under Sterndale Bennett—for no one whom we knew believed that an Englishman could be a musician; and in the school where I had spent nine months, the feeling was distinctly in favour of everything foreign, and against everything English."

"After a minute or two Sterndale Bennett came in, and in an extremely easy and natural manner addressed us both, and turning to me, said something to the effect, 'This is, then, the young lady who has been waiting so long to have lessons from me.' He then opened the piano, and asked me to play to him, and after I had only got through about four or five bars, exclaimed, 'Why, we have an enthusiast here!' But I was painfully shy and timid; all we three sisters were hero-worshippers, and I especially so, and I don't believe that I even ventured a glance in reply. I certainly made no audible answer.

"A letter written home, which I found a little while ago, describes my first impressions of Sir Sterndale Bennett. 'He is very pale, and to my thinking quite unlike anything you see every day; very quaint—in fact, like a face you see in an old picture.' Indeed, I described him as resembling Ary Scheffer's 'Dante,' which I had seen at an exhibition.

"He now took me thoroughly in hand. I had expected to be given no end of scales and studies; but, to my surprise, he gave me Bach's 'Clavier bien tempéré,' as a study for bringing strong firm tone from the fingers. He also gave me much of Dussek, Clementi, Moscheles, and Hummel for scale-passages and rapid playing; and anticipating the unuttered question, which no doubt he read in my surprised glance, he said, 'I must not give you much scale-playing or exercises, or you will become stupid,' and then enlarging on his words, he added, 'There are people who must be always on the strain, and if you demand anything from them but the highest—what, in fact, they can't do—they become languid and relaxed. You cannot actually do what I am giving you at present, but in the effort to do it you are kept on the strain, you are roused and stimulated, and this is what you need.'

"He had a power peculiarly his own of at once stimulating and tranquilizing. He never stopped one suddenly to comment on a fault or an oversight; but at the end of a page, or of a movement, he would say with a gentleness which did not exclude authority, but, on the contrary, rather suggested it, 'You did so and so—did you perceive it?' and he would then indicate what he wished, and make me repeat the page or movement in question, often more than once. He never allowed me to pause in a passage or page where I was either uncertain, or had done badly, but insisted on my going on as if nothing was wrong. He held that the next best thing to having played a passage well, is to go on and betray no immediate consciousness of having done it badly.

"His phrasing was absolutely perfect—not insistent nor angular, but wave-like and persuasive. He communicated his feeling of a movement by a gesture—a word, a light touch on the pupil's arm, or by playing with one hand along with the pupil. His glance was full of power, and he moved with so much dignity that he did not suggest at the first glance that he was "a little man" (though he was much below the average height); and every line of his face told of thought, feeling, and sensibility held in lifelong restraint by a will that never let go the reins.

"Speaking of public playing as a profession, he said, and with much emphasis, 'Nowadays it is not worth any one's while to take up public performance as a profession; things are so different to what they were when I was a boy. Then no one ever thought of giving themselves entirely to it, unless they had a natural and most unmistakable gift for the 'pianoforte.' In the present day the advance in the mechanical (the means which bring one to a certain point) is so great, that numbers of clever people, who have but little natural talent for music, become players through a system of admirable training.'

"Speaking to my mother of progress in pianoforte-playing, and trying to convey a clear idea on the subject to one who, though highly intelligent in many directions, had yet no artistic perceptions, he said, 'Making progress on the pianoforte is not like walking along a road, where you can see what you have just left behind, and what you are just about to walk over. Here, you advance by leaps and pauses. You seem to have a barrier before you, and you can't climb over it, and you keep struggling and striving either to get over it or push it aside, and some happy day you find yourself over it, and for a short space you feel you have made a stride; but there before you lies another barrier, and you are restless again, and the struggle and the effort must begin afresh.'

"It may easily be imagined that he could not admire Rubinstein either as an artist or composer; and, curiously enough, I, who was at that time a disciple even to fanaticism of the classical school, was always carried away and transported with delight whenever I heard Rubinstein. Never did I miss any possible chance of going to a concert at which he was to appear; and all the while I believed that I was wrong, for when I told Sterndale Bennett how I was enchanted with Rubinstein's exuberant flights and warm glow, I seem still to see his grave look, and to hear the words, 'I am sorry for you.' And I can see how he folded his hands when he said this."

"The Autobiography of Anton Rubinstein," a translation of which from the pen of Aline Delano has just been brought out by Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, and Co., is a scarcely less interesting volume than Miss Walker's. The work was originally dictated by Rubinstein himself, and covers the pianist's life from 1829 to 1889. It is in some ways disappointing, for in many instances Rubinstein seems to have made up his mind to tell all he knew, and suddenly to have altered it just as "it began to get interesting." Nevertheless such recollections and incidents as are told are extremely interesting, and serve at least to outline the great artist's career, if the details are occasionally wanting. The story of his struggles with poverty

in Vienna is peculiarly pathetic, not the less so because it could be told of many another great man; and his impressions of the musical celebrities with whom he has been in contact are always recorded with great vividness. As examples of the nature of the work and the skill with which the translation is effected we may quote two paragraphs:—

"In London I was graciously received by the young and then handsome Queen Victoria, and subsequently in all the aristocratic circles. Although but a boy of twelve I felt no shyness or timidity in the presence of these formal lords and ladies. My musical memory at this time and for many years later, in fact until my fiftieth year, was prodigious; but since then I have been conscious of a growing weakness. I begin to feel an uncertainty; something like a nervous dread often takes possession of me while I am on the stage in the presence of a large audience. . . . One can hardly imagine how painful this sensation may be. I often fear lest memory betray me into forgetfulness of a passage, and that I may unconsciously change it. The public has always been accustomed to see me play without notes, for I have never used them; and I will not allow myself to rely upon my own resources or ability to supply the place of some forgotten passage, because I know that there will always be many among my audiences who, being familiar with the piece I am performing, will readily detect any alteration. This sense of uncertainty has often inflicted upon me tortures only to be compared with those of the Inquisition, while the public listening to me imagines that I am perfectly calm. Yes, this nervous agitation has developed itself since my fiftieth year. Previous to that time, more especially during the early period of which I am now speaking, these sensations were unknown. . . .

"As to the degree of musical appreciation possessed by the different nations, I believe that Germany stands to-day at the head of the musical world, and this in spite of the fact that she is eaten up with pride in her patriotism, her pietism, and sense of superiority to all other countries. Culture has but slender chance in a nation so absorbed in its bayonets and its unity; but in spite of all these drawbacks it must be confessed that Germany is the most "musical" nation in the world.

"The relative knowledge of music among Germans, French, and English, stated arithmetically, would be somewhat as follows: of the German people at least fifty per cent. understand music; of the French not more than sixteen per cent.; while among the English—the least musical of people—not more than two per cent. can be found who have any knowledge of music. Even the Americans have a higher appreciation of music than the English."

All students will welcome the third edition of the excellent little "Treatise on Musical Intervals, Temperament, and the Elementary Principles of Music," by Mr. W. S. B. Woolhouse. The usefulness of this book has now been increased by the addition of short chapters on a "Ready Method of Determining the Values of Intervals from their Ratios," on the "Harmonic-Seventh," and "The Metronome," together with a complete index of the contents. It is published by C. Woolhouse, 81, Regent-street.

### MUSIC.

[From NOVELLO and Co.]

"Albums of English Song." Singers of favourite old songs by well-known native composers will appreciate this new series. No. 1 contains twenty songs by Dr. Thomas Augustine Arne. No. 2 consists of a like number by Sir Henry Rowley Bishop; and in No. 3 are twenty-one songs by Charles Dibdin. All are edited, and their pianoforte accompaniments revised, by Dr. W. A. Barrett. There are songs in each album suited to various voices, but it may be well to mention that in No. 2 the majority are for sopranos or tenors, and in No. 3 baritone and bass songs are the most numerous. The print is very clear, and the price of each album one shilling and sixpence.

In similar form the same publishers issue "Ten Canzonets by Haydn." The best known of these are probably "My Mother bids me bind my hair," and "She never told her love;" but all are exquisite specimens of the master's genial, pure, and poetic settings.

[From E. DONAJOWSKI.]

"The First Principles of Music," by Charles Vincent, Mus. Doc., Oxon. If musical students are ignorant of the first principles of their art, as is sometimes averred, it certainly is not from want of books on the subject. Dr. Vincent's is a handy and comprehensive little treatise which undoubtedly many young students might read with advantage. It is chiefly remarkable for a careful explanation of the staffs, and clefs, and signatures of keys.

Many will also welcome the directions given to make a metronome, and the admirable series of questions at the end of the volume.

"A Year's Study at the Pianoforte," by the same author, may be strongly recommended to all teachers. In no art is method of greater value than in music, and therefore Dr. Vincent's idea, admirably carried out in this little volume, which forms a complete practice register, is a most happy one. The value of the book is considerably enhanced by a series of short articles on important technical details by well-known pianoforte teachers and by many practical hints from Dr. Vincent.

### FOREIGN NOTES.

The "Guide Musical" publishes five more of the hitherto unpublished letters of Berlioz. The first is in praise of Parish-Alvars, the harpist; the second relates to a contemplated visit to Munich in 1845, which apparently never came to pass; the third, addressed to some person unknown, relates to a translation of part of the "Enfance du Christ"; the fourth (a brief note) is addressed to Geo. Kastner, as is also the fifth, the most interesting of the set. In it we find the following sentence:—"J'ai vu l'Edipe roi l'autre jour au Théâtre Français; c'est très beau, très noble; Sophocle est un grand homme; il diffère en cela de Shakspeare, qui est un Dieu." In the notes appended to these letters there is an unaccountable mistake, which we would correct forthwith. M. Remenzi, "the famous Hungarian violinist," is said to have died some years ago. M. Remenzi, however, was certainly alive, and in the best of spirits, in London a very few weeks back, and he is, we think, at this moment in Scotland.

The sixty-fourth season of the Concerts du Conservatoire began on the 14th with a programme including Beethoven's 4th Symphony, Schumann's Music to the 3rd part of "Faust" (the *sol* parts by Mlle. Eames, Mme. Michart, M. de Latour, and M. Auguez), the Andante and Scherzo from Bizet's "Roma," and the Overture to "Oberon." M. Pougin declares that he has but a poor opinion of Schumann in this particular work, and further that he has in general only a small liking for Schumann's great works, though he thinks very highly of his less important compositions. Upon M. Pougin seems to have descended the mantle of the late Mr. Chorley, who for many years kept on saying the same thing in the "Athenæum."

It is said that in consequence of the great success of Berlioz' opera at Carlsruhe, the authorities of that opera-house contemplate giving a regular cycle of the composer's operas, "Benvenuto Cellini," "Béatrice et Bénédict," and the two parts of "Les Troyens." Herr Motil, the conductor, has already superintended performances of all the works in former years, and to him the cycle would offer no difficulty whatever. Herr Motil has just concluded an agreement by which his appointment as Capellmeister, which has hitherto been terminable, is henceforth made permanent, an arrangement on which the music-lovers of Carlsruhe may be congratulated.

Brahms' new String Quintett was performed at Berlin on the 10th inst. by Dr. Joachim's Quartet party. Herr Lessman, writing in the "Allg.-Musik-Zeitung," does not appear to endorse Dr. Hanslick's eulogies of the work; and he not only speaks more coldly of it, but he also complains that the performance was unsatisfactory.

Count Geza Zichy has accepted the post of Director of the Opera-house of Pesth. Count Zichy, who had the misfortune to lose his right arm in youth through an accident while hunting, has nevertheless been known for many years as one of the most brilliant as well as marvellous pianists of Europe. He is now only 41 years of age; his accomplishments as a player have been enthusiastically lauded by Dr. Hanslick, and his talents as a composer by Franz Liszt. In addition he has also a reputation in his own country (Hungary) as a poet and a novelist; much may, therefore, be hoped from his appointment.

In Pesth a quartet party consisting of four sisters, daughters of a Russian physician named Röder, have begun to give performances. The eldest is only fifteen, but they have all been well trained under such excellent teachers as Hubay and Popper.

Miss Clotilde Kleeberg, the distinguished pianist, after a most successful



tour in Germany, has given two concerts at Copenhagen, on which occasion she was warmly congratulated by the King and Queen of Denmark, and afterwards proceeded to St. Petersburg, where she played at a concert of the Imperial Society of Symphonic Music with the same success.

It is said that during the approaching Carnival season no less than forty-nine opera houses in Italy will remain closed—chiefly because the municipal authorities are either unable or unwilling to grant the subventions without which no managers will undertake to open the theatres.

An early and long-forgotten work of Donizetti, the "Regina di Golconda," originally brought out at Genoa in 1828, has been revived at Rome, and received with great favour.

M. Auguste Dupont, a distinguished Belgian pianist, and teacher of the piano at the Brussels Conservatoire, died on the 17th, at the age of sixty-two. Though best known as a teacher, he was also a composer of much merit, and many of his compositions have considerable popularity among the pianists of his country. Among his works are four piano concertos and an unfinished opera, "Cromwell," some fragments of which have been performed in the concert-room.

### POOR ST. CECILIA.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE MUSICAL WORLD."

SIR: I recently visited the Church of St. Mary's in the Strand, of which the Rev. Canon Tugwell is the Rector, to see the beautiful interior, to hear the music, join in the worship, and to listen to the reading and sermon of the curate, the Rev. Charles James Panter, M.A., LL.D., one of the Senate of Trinity College, Dublin, and well known by his sermons so frequently printed in the "Church of England Pulpit." The church, with its splendid interior, is well worthy of a visit. The architect was Mr. Gibbs, the favourite pupil of Sir Christopher Wren, and the building is perhaps the finest specimen of the Renaissance out of Italy. Comparing St. Clement's Danes, the work of the same architect *before* he studied in Italy, and St. Mary's *after*, you have a singular proof of what Continental Art-study can accomplish. The musical part of the service is below—far below—par; and the worthy Rector seems to have forgotten that "a verse may catch him who a sermon flies." There is a good organ, judiciously played, and well placed in the church; but upon enquiry it is said the Rector threatens to remove the instrument into the gallery as the more orthodox position. An amusing incident occurred after the boys—a regular ragged regiment—had struggled up to the beautiful choir: some in jackets and corduroys, though upon inquiry, I learned that there were surplises in the vestry. As they were reciting very carefully one of the Canticles on a monotone the Rector, who was in the choir, suddenly plucked the leading boy's hair from behind. The Rector abhors chanting, denounces the anthem, and has pronounced against the boys reciting together.

Yours truly,

A. SHARP.

### N. S. P. M.

The Sixth Annual Conference of the National Society of Professional Musicians will take place at Liverpool on January 6th, 7th, 8th, and 9th, 1891. Following is the programme for the four days:—Tuesday, January 6th.—4 p.m.—Members received by the General Council at the Grand Hotel. 6.30 p.m.—Dinner, Grand Hotel. 8 p.m.—Conversazione, Free Library and Museum (William Brown-street). Exhibition of ancient musical instruments in Museum, supplemented by contributions from members; photographic exhibition by oxy-hydrogen light, by Mr. Paul Lange, President of the Liverpool Amateur Photographic Association; Dr. C. J. Frost's chorus, "Sing a Song of Sixpence," will be performed by Mr. J. F. Swift's choir. Mr. Argent's Liverpool orchestra will play during the evening. The North-Western Section of the Society will act as hosts on this occasion. Wednesday, January 7th.—Chairman: Mr. E. H. Thorne (London). 10 a.m.—Opening Meeting, Lecture Hall of Free Library; The Mayor of Liverpool will receive the Society, and preside at the Opening of the Conference. Report upon the progress and present position of the Society, the General Secretary; "Poetical Meanings in union with Musical Design," Miss Oliveria Prescott, A.R.A.M. (London). "Editing and Editions, with special reference to the Polonaises and Nocturnes by Chopin, the Chairman.

Selection of place for conference—London, Leeds, Oxford, and Edinburgh have been nominated. Only members of the society will be permitted to vote. 3 p.m.—The Liverpool Musical Club's Invitation Recital of Chamber Music, City Hall: Violin, Mr. E. Schiever; violin, Mr. V. Akeroyd; viola, Mr. C. Courvoisier; violoncello, Mr. C. Fuchs; pianoforte, Mr. H. S. Welsing. Afternoon Tea. 6.30 p.m.—Dinner, Grand Hotel. 8 p.m.—Invitation by the Japanese Consul (J. L. Bowes, Esq.) and Mrs. Bowes, to Streatham Towers, Prince's-road. Thursday, January 8th, Chairman: Mr. W. D. Hall (Liverpool).—10 a.m.—Meeting, Lecture Hall, Free Library, "Local Orchestras," Mr. George Riseley (Bristol); "On the training of the hand by means of finger gymnastics, with special reference to the technicon," Mr. Ridley Prentice, A.R.A.M. (London). The afternoon will be devoted to visiting the White Star Atlantic Liner, Majestic, by the kind invitation of Messrs. Ismay, Imrie, and Co. The Majestic is the last new Atlantic Liner, and the finest in size, build, fittings, &c. She is also the first large merchant steamer which has been built to be used as an armed cruiser in time of war. 6.30 p.m.—Dinner, Grand Hotel. 8 p.m.—Invitation Musical Evening, St. George's Hall, in the Small Concert Room (entrance William Brown-street). Friday, January 9th.—Chairman: Mr. A. F. Smith, Mus. B., Cantab. (Derby). 10 a.m.—Meeting, Lecture Hall of the Free Library, "Musical Notation," the Chairman, to fix date of next Conference, and to appoint Chairmen, Executive, and Programme Committees for the same. 3 p.m.—Town Hall, an "At Home," by kind invitation of His Worship the Mayor. 7 p.m.—Banquet, Grand Hotel; the Mayor of Liverpool will preside. Members are invited to discuss fully the subjects introduced for consideration at the meetings. It will be understood that the views expressed during the discussion are only the opinions of individual members, and do not necessarily represent the policy approved of by the society.

### CONCERTS.

At the last Saturday Popular Concert before Christmas, a Beethoven Programme was presented, in accordance with an old custom. It also seems to be part of the custom that the Kreutzer Sonata should be included in the scheme; but even this usually unfailing attraction was not strong enough to draw a full Hall, though a very considerable number of enthusiasts braved the exceptionally bad weather. We need not record how Sir Charles and Lady Hallé interpreted this familiar work; or how the latter led the almost equally familiar—at least to Popular Concert audiences—Quintet in C; or how MM. Ries, Straus, Gibson, and Piatti filled their respective posts. Sir Charles Hallé's reposeful rendering of the Sonata in E flat, Op. 31, No. 3, was much enjoyed, but the customary dissipation of encores was not insisted on. Madame Schmidt-Köhne not only has a beautiful voice but she is (at least in German *Lieder*) a great singer. An especial charm was lent to Brahms' lovely song, "Ruhe Süsleibchen," by her artistic performance (and, we may add, by Mr. Frantzen's rendering of the difficult accompaniment). Rarely do we meet with so much finish and refinement combined with fervour and passion in style and nature's gift of a touching, sympathetic voice.

The second concert of Mr. Richard Gompertz's Quartett party at Princes' Hall on Thursday evening, the 18th, shared the fate of so many other worthy entertainments, in not being very well attended; but these concerts are new, and that fact, together with the weather, will sufficiently account for all. Schumann's third Quartett in A major was the opening piece, but the titles of the various movements were given so absurdly in the programme that those among the audience who were not familiar with the work were quite naturally led to doubt whether the work played was the one mentioned in the programme. The three movements named were "Andante espressivo," "Allegro molto moderato," and "Assai agitato"; the first two of which really describe the first movement, and the third is the first of the three which make up the second movement. Of the Adagio and the Allegretto molto vivace, which form the third and fourth movements, no mention whatever was made in the programme. When no analysis is furnished concert givers should try to be a little more accurate than this in giving the headings of the works they play. We should suppose from the programme that it was originally intended to play only the

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first two movements, for changes were rather the order of the evening. A notice inserted in the sheet giving the words of the songs informed us that Schubert's quartet-allegro in C minor was to be repeated by desire. Would that the influential people who can have the works they desire would always "desire" something of this sort instead of the rubbish we generally get "by desire!" In the playing of these two works of Schumann and Schubert, Mr. Gompertz and his companions (Messrs. Haydn Inwards, Emil Kreuz, and C. Ould) were heard to the best advantage, and their performance was such as to show that they might form an admirable complement to a better-known quartet—if they would devote themselves to works in which they would have no supreme rivalry to contend with. Mr. Gompertz joined Mr. L. Borwick in Beethoven's Sonata in G, Op. 30, No. 3, and it was rendered in highly effective fashion. The pianist also played two Preludes of Chopin and the Polonaise in F sharp minor. Mr. Borwick has not been trained in the school of the "noise-makers," and we should be sorry to see him stray into it. Brahms' Quartett in B flat, Op. 67, hardly received full justice; the beautiful Andante was taken too fast, and lacked dignity and depth of expression. Miss Lena Little sang in her best style two of the most touchingly beautiful of Brahms' songs, with viola obbligato admirably played by Mr. Emil Kreuz—the "Gestillte Sehnsucht" and "Geistliches Wiegenlied," which are really Op. 91 of Brahms' works, though described in the programme as Op. 30, No. 3 (a description obviously repeated from that of Beethoven's sonata in the line below). Both of them are gems of the first order, and we hope Miss Little will sing them often, for hardly can anyone sing them better, and they well deserve her best efforts.

\* \*

A wholly unique performance of the "Messiah" was given in St. James's Hall on the evening of the 18th by the South London Choral Association, whose conductor is Mr. L. C. Venables. It was announced as the only performance of Handel's work in St. James's Hall this season—that is one phase of its uniqueness; the other was its exceeding badness, which was without parallel in the memory of most hearers. We do not pretend to offer any satisfactory explanation of this. Perhaps the weather had something to do with it—that was bad enough to bear the blame for most things. At any rate, we are driven to say that, as far as the band and chorus were concerned, little can be said by way of praise; and their doings may therefore be left severely alone. The soloists were Miss Fusselle, Miss Eleanor Rees, Mr. Henry Piercy, and Mr. Franklin Clive. Of these Mr. Piercy certainly did the best, for he sang with that spirit and certainty which come only of familiarity with oratorio music. Mr. Clive sang with great dignity and fervour, scoring a noteworthy success with "Thou shalt break them." But why does he diminish the effect of "The people that walked in darkness" by taking its opening phrases so fast? Miss Eleanor Rees scarcely appeared to as great advantage as usual, though her solos were given with much expression. The audience, no doubt in consequence of the weather, was poor. It is but just to the chorus to say that it was not quite so bad as the orchestra.

\* \*

St. James's Hall was only half filled on Saturday evening for the Strolling Players' Amateur Orchestral Society's concert; but those enthusiasts who braved the snowstorm were rewarded by a highly creditable performance of an excellent programme. Beethoven's Eighth Symphony,

which left something to be desired in the matter of technical accuracy, was given with much intelligence—a result, of course, largely due to the conductor, Mr. Norfolk Megone; and the same may with equal truth be said of the renderings of Sullivan's charming "Di Ballo" overture and the "Ballet Egyptien" of Luigini. Mr. Enthoven, an artist whose quality is, unfortunately, better known to musicians than to the general public, played with fine tone and great technical skill a couple of violin solos by Vieuxtemps and Hauser; and Miss Antoinette Trebelli sang the Valse from Gounod's "Roméo et Juliette" with moderate success. Altogether the "Strolling Players" may be warmly congratulated on their first concert of the season: and it is a pity that a larger number of their friends were not present to appreciate their efforts.

\* \*

There was an excellent programme and a large audience at the First Smoking Concert of the season of the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society, held at the Princes' Hall on the 17th inst. The purely orchestral pieces included Wagner's "Tannhäuser" overture, Suppé's overture "Pique Dame," a Serenata by Moszkowski, the "Rigaudon de Dardanus" of Rameau, and the Mazurka from Délibes "Coppelia" Ballet. The really remarkable executive ability of the "Royals" was well exemplified in these works, and the conductor no less than the members of the orchestra may be congratulated on highly creditable renderings of difficult music. Master Max Hambourg played the first movement of Beethoven's C minor Concerto with wonderful intelligence; but we must confess that we listened to him with mingled feelings—pity largely predominating. The vocalists were the Meister Glee Singers and Mr. Durward Lely. Amongst those present were H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, Sir F. Leighton, Lord Colville of Culross, and many other notabilities.

## PROVINCIAL.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

HUDDERSFIELD.—The second of the series of concerts given by the Huddersfield Glee and Madrigal Society took place recently in the Victoria Hall. The first part of the programme consisted of a dramatic sacred cantata entitled "The Prodigal Son," composed by the Rev. James F. Downes, of St. Patrick's, Huddersfield. The cantata, which is at present only in MS., was first performed at the Albert Hall, Leeds, on the 14th of January, 1885; but the performance which we have to refer to was the first in Huddersfield, and we must heartily congratulate the conductor and members of the society for having given such an excellent rendering of so musicianly a composition. The cantata is throughout highly original and displays undoubted ability. It is scored for orchestra, but on this occasion the accompaniments were played on two pianos and harmonium, the composer, together with Mr. J. E. Sykes and Mr. Hollingsworth, presiding at these instruments. The principals were Miss Smythe, Miss England, Mr. H. Sandwell, Mr. Riley, and Mr. Longbottom, all of which acquitted themselves well. In the second part the choir sang Gaul's "Better Land," Gounod's "O Day of Penitence," and Mendelssohn's "Hear My Prayer." The concert was a most enjoyable one, thanks to the efficient manner in which the members of the society have been trained by their excellent conductor, Mr. John North.

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MUSICAL WORLD

1880—May 4.	Edward Grieg.
May 11.	Carl Rosa.
May 18.	F. H. Cowen.
May 25.	Senor Sarasate.
June 1.	Frederic Cliffe.
June 8.	Prof. Herkomer's "An Idyl."
June 15.	Fraulein Hermine Spies.
June 22.	Signorina Teresina Tua.
June 29.	Madame Marcella Sembrich.
July 6.	Madame Backer Gröndhal.
July 13.	Sir John Stainer.
July 20.	Madame Lillian Nordica.
July 27.	M. Jean de Reszke.
Aug. 3.	Charles Dittus.
Aug. 10.	Joseph Hollman.
Aug. 17.	Madame Sarah Bernhardt.
Aug. 24.	Frau Amalie Materna.
Aug. 31.	Herr Van Dyck.
Sept. 7.	M. Johannes Wolff.
Sept. 14.	Madame Patey.
Sept. 21.	Mr. Arthur Oswald.
Sept. 28.	The Bayreuth Conductors.
Oct. 5.	Miss Rosalind F. Ellicott.
Oct. 12.	Dr. A. C. Mackenzie.
Oct. 19.	Dr. Bernhard Scholz.
Oct. 26.	Madame Patti-Nicolini.
Nov. 2.	Johannes Brahms.
Nov. 9.	Professor Villiers Stanford.
Nov. 16.	Arrigo Boito.
Nov. 23.	Mr. and Mrs. Henschel.
Nov. 30.	Miss Marianne Eiseler.
Dec. 7.	Madame Trebelli.
Dec. 14.	Mr. J. H. Bonawitz.
Dec. 21.	Robert Browning.
Dec. 28.	Miss Grace Damian.
1890—Jan. 4.	Mr. Flunket Green.
Jan. 11.	Mr. Frederick Corder.
Jan. 18.	Madame Georgina Burns.
Jan. 25.	Professor Arthur de Greef.
Feb. 1.	Miss Margaret Macintyre.
Feb. 8.	Mr. J. L. Toole.
Feb. 15.	Miss Caroline Geisler-Schubert.
Feb. 22.	Browning's "Strafford."
Mar. 1.	Mr. Leslie Crotty.
Mar. 8.	Miss Marguerite Hall.
Mar. 15.	Mr. Hamish Mac Cum.
Mar. 22.	The Late Dr. Wyld.
Mar. 29.	Mr. Frederic Lamond.
April 5.	Dr. G. C. Martin.
April 12.	Miss Agnes Janson.
April 19.	Mrs. Langtry.
April 26.	Miss Zélie de Lussan.
May 3.	Mr. Bernard Staven.
May 10.	Miss Fanny Moody.
May 17.	Madame Teresa Carreno.
May 24.	Mr. Henry Arthur Jones.
May 31.	Mr. J. J. Paderewski.
June 7.	Moritz Moszkowski.
June 14.	Madame Sophie Menter.
June 21.	Miss Ada Rehan.
June 28.	Herr Willy Hess.
July 5.	Miss Janotha.
July 12.	M. Sapellnikoff.
July 19.	Mr. Hermann Vezin.
July 26.	Mr. Willard.
Aug. 2.	Miss Amy Sherwin.
Aug. 9.	Mrs. Kendal.
Aug. 16.	Signor Piatti.
Aug. 23.	Signor Foli.
Aug. 30.	Mr. F. E. Benson.
Sept. 6.	Madame Clara Schumann.
Sept. 13.	Mr. Edward Lloyd.
Sept. 20.	Miss Dorothy Dene.
Sept. 27.	Mr. Charles Santley.
Oct. 4.	Henrik Ibsen.
Oct. 11.	Miss Kate Chaplin.
Oct. 18.	Dr. H. H. Parry.
Oct. 25.	Sir Charles Hallé.
Nov. 1.	Senor Albeniz.
Nov. 8.	Mr. F. Barrington Foote.
Nov. 15.	Lady Hallé.
Nov. 22.	Rev. H. R. Haweis.
Nov. 29.	Miss Giulia Navogii.
Dec. 6.	L. E. Bach.

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